The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 8, 1897.

The Week.

CONGRESSMAN HEATWOLE of Minnesota has introduced a resolution to provide for a currency and banking commission to be composed of four citizens eminent in trade, political economy, and banking, to be appointed by the President, two Senators to be appointed by the Vice-President, two Representatives to be appointed by the Speaker, and the Comptroller of the Currency. Of the nine members, five will be in official and four in private life. This is substantially the plan proposed by the Indianapolis Conference, and is in accord with one of the suggestions of the President's inaugural address. Much will depend upon the view taken by Speaker Reed as to the expediency of such a commission, but it is not likely that he will oppose any bona-fide attempt to bring new light upon the currency question, which is all that Mr. Heatwole's resolution proposes. Whether Congress shall follow the advice of such a commission will be an after-consideration. One thing is certain, that a do-nothing policy rushes the country upon another Presidential campaign like the last one, with the results even more doubtful; and as we approach it the business of the country will be thrown into shadow as by an approaching eclipse. Every man who has a dollar to lose feels the chill even now, and is turning over in his mind plans and methods for meeting the possible catastrophe.

The resolutions adopted by the New York Chamber of Commerce on Thursday against the tariff bill derive great significance from the fact that a majority of the members are Republicans and protectionists, and that the body as a whole is extremely conservative. We believe that this is the first time in the history of the Chamber that it has ever spoken against any pending tariff measure. When a body of this character declares that the Dingley bill is "excessive, and likely to invite reaction harmful to business and to the best interests of the country, and that it should be carefully revised in the direction of a reduction of the rates of duty proposed, to the end that a system of tariff taxation may be adopted that shall be reasonably permanent, and that shall insure to the business interests of the country a certain measure of immunity from early change," it may be affirmed that the business community is profoundly stirred. The point most strongly insisted upon by the report which accompanies the resolution, is that such a tariff as this cannot be considered permanent, and that it will only be provocative of an early reaction, "rendering all business calculations and enterprise uncertain and hazardous." Strange to say, this view of the new and excessive duties on wool has begun to impress the wool-growers on the Pacific Coast. The Portland *Oregonian* of March 24 has two columns of interviews with wool-growers and dealers in its own State deprecating such excessive duties, and declaring that in their opinion no such tariff can remain long on the statute-book. They say that they would rather have a duty of 8 cents on clothing-wool with the prospect of permanence than 11 cents with the prospect of an early reduction or repeal.

The retroactive clause of the tariff bill, as passed, provides machinery for identifying and tracing and impressing a lien on goods passing through the custom-house before the passage of the bill, in the form of Treasury regulations authorizing the custom-house authorities to keep "samples" of goods imported. There is no power to issue such regulations now, and will not be until the bill passes. When the bill passes, the goods will be gone, and samples of them, therefore, cannot be retained. However, the plan is, to have Treasury regulations issued to collectors under the general power given by the revised statutes, directing them to take measures to identify all invoices, so that a second duty may be imposed as soon as the bill passes. It is also suggested that under these regulations "samples" of goods may be retained. The objection, of course, to retaining samples is merely that it is illegal. No doubt importers are now consulting their lawyers as to whether retaining some of their property as it passes through the custom-house, on the plea that the revised statutes give the Secretary of the Treasury power to make "regulations," would be a felony on the part of the Collector or his deputy, or would be simply a gross trespass, for which a jury might give heavy damages. No doubt Mr. Kilbreth, the Collector of this port, who is a lawyer, is making inquiries about the matter also. The hint is kindly thrown out that in the case of certain articles, such as furniture, the Collector will not be compelled to keep a chair or bureau, but may take other means to comply with the regulation. We trust the importers may fight for their rights. If they do not begin soon, they will have none left before long. The unscrupulous politicians who are engineering the retroactive scare, care nothing what becomes of trade and commerce or revenue; what they want to do is to prevent people importing until they give the word; and the fact that thus far they have succeeded only in stimulating withdrawals from bond, and that the Wilson act has thus wiped out the deficit for March, has made them crazy with the rage of baffled ignorance and spite.

The question of the constitutionality of a retroactive tariff has never been before the Supreme Court, and no human being can be certain whether the present contrivance would be upheld or not, though a decision sustaining it would certainly be a surprise. Any one can foresee, however, that such an act would meet with many difficulties in the way of enforcement. After goods are once through the custom-house, and sold by the importer, the possession of a sample will not enable the custom-house to know where they are, nor to find them. A detective armed with a sample of Piper Heidsieck, or any one of the hundred common brands of champagne or other wine, or with a piece of red calico, travelling over the country to find the rest of the importation and impress the "lien" on it, would have his hands full. This fact shows that the real object of the amendment is not so much to get more duties as to depress the ardor of the importer.

Mr. Dingley's sullen retreat before the colleges and libraries, in the matter of the tax on books and apparatus for their use, has given the false impression that he had made his surrender complete. The *Independent*, for example, congratulates him on having given way all along the line and restored free books in foreign languages and free art. He has done nothing of the kind. He still maintains that we "publish an abundance" of books in foreign languages, and taxes all that come in to the tune of 25 per cent. In this respect he hits students and readers harder than did the McKinley bill. As for free paintings and statuary, those were concessions to the corrupt and vulgar rich, which a moral and paternal tariff could not think of continuing. So, at least, the thing is explained by that high authority on art, the Philadelphia *Textile Record*. That elegant connoisseur declares that a tax on art is necessary in order to protect, not American artists, but "the hordes of rich and ignorant Americans who travel in Europe." The more Mr. Dingley's concession of free books and apparatus for the use of colleges is examined, the more it seems either an intended bit of trickery or a provision so carelessly drawn as to prove practically nugatory. The amendment exempts from duty "scientific apparatus, instruments, books, charts, and chemicals, *such as are not published or made in the United States.*" This leaves the door wide open to illiberal construction, and customs officials always interpret the law as illiberally as possible.

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A library might think to get in duty free the great Oxford Dictionary, as it is issued, or the newest edition of Meyer; but dictionaries and encyclopædias are made in the United States, hence on goes the duty. A really skilful Collector could no doubt shut out a first-folio Shakspere, on the ground that Shakspere is "published" in this country. Not to multiply instances, colleges and libraries will do well to be alert, therefore, to make sure that they are not being deluded in this matter. Two lines of policy are open. The Senate may be asked to make the bill more tolerable, or else invited to load it up with more offences and outrages so that it will either break down of its own weight of abuses, in the very act of passage, or excite such a powerful and speedy reaction that the whole thing will be swept away by an indignant people.

It appears that the wool-growers are not satisfied with the Dingley bill after all. They have got rates of duty on wool which the manufacturers consider ruinous, and which they intend to fight in the Senate, but, lo and behold, their spokesman, Judge Lawrence, declares that these rates are not high enough, and calls a meeting of his crowd at the Ebbitt House, in Washington, to be held on the 13th of April, to present to the Senate committee the request of the wool-growers "for the promised most ample protection for wool." The reason why the Dingley rates are not satisfactory is set forth at length by Judge Lawrence in the last number of the *Wool and Cotton Reporter*. He says that the ad-valorem rate on carpet-wool in the McKinley tariff (32 per cent.) was too low, and that the price of foreign wool has declined since that time, and hence that the duty ought to be higher and ought to be specific instead of ad-valorem. Moreover, some of this carpet-wool is used for making coarse clothing. Fashion has changed so that shaggy garments are liked by all classes, and not by the poor merely. There is no knowing how far this preference may extend. Thirty-two per cent. is fatal and inadmissible. The duty ought to be eight cents per pound specific, he says. Moreover, the duty on clothing-wool is too low, according to the same authority, and the "skirting clause" is all wrong. It admits the light shrinking part of the fleece without additional duty, and it deprives our own wool-sorters of employment. "Why," he exclaims, "shall the wishes of a million wool-growers be disregarded in favor of a few manufacturers?" In conclusion, he says that "a tariff which does not protect is no better than free wool."

Notwithstanding all that Judge Lawrence affirms as to the inadequacy of the Dingley bill, it seems as if the Senate finance committee would give even less than that measure provides. The Washington correspondence of the *Wool and Cotton Reporter* says that three members of the sub-committee of the Senate finance committee are opposed to the high rates of the Dingley bill. Those members are Senators Aldrich, Allison, and Platt of Connecticut. Aldrich and Platt represent woollen-manufacturing States. Although some wool is grown in Iowa, Senator Allison is opposed to high duties on wool and on other things as well. He is a low-tariff Republican. He does not court new experiments like that of 1890. He and his colleagues think that the duties on clothing-wool should not be higher than six cents per pound. Imagine the consternation of Lawrence when he hears this. But that is not all. According to the same authority, "there are members of the House committee who are ready to accept a reduction by the Senate as quickly as it is made, and who could not be counted upon to make any serious stand for the House rates when they went into conference. Of course the suggestion of six cents a pound is a minimum rate, designed as a basis for compromise. The manufacturers interested in this movement hardly expect to obtain so low a rate as this on clothing-wools, but they are bent upon forcing the rate down to eight cents per pound, and they believe they will succeed." It is evident that we have not heard all the music that the wool tariff is capable of furnishing even yet.

The March Treasury statement discloses a surplus of about $9,000,000. Customs receipts for the month have been surpassed only twice in our history. Just see what comes of having an advance agent of prosperity take hold of the government. The Wilson bill no longer means debt and deficit in his hands. Of course, this is no tribute to the wretched Wilson. Anybody can make a tariff; it takes a master to turn a ruin-breeding law into a fruitful source of revenue by simply threatening to repeal it. But it is not revenue that Mr. McKinley really desires, else he would leave the Wilson bill alone. He himself has laid down the correct principle in the following words: "Lower duties stimulate importations, encourage foreign purchases, and thus swell the revenue from customs sources." ('Speeches and Addresses of William McKinley,' p. 231.) That was why the high duties of the McKinley bill were specifically declared to be for the purpose of reducing the revenue. Now comes Mr. Dingley with higher duties for the avowed purpose of increasing the revenue. What a pity that he did not consult the President—or at least read his masterly orations on the tariff—and thus learn that the thing was impossible. Perhaps Mr. McKinley will send a message to the Senate advising them of Mr. Dingley's confusion on this point, and reaffirming his own view that the way to increase the revenue is to lower duties.

There is no mistaking the meaning of the elections which were held in many Western cities on Monday. In all of them the same tide of reaction from the Republican vote of last fall is perceptible that was discernible in the town elections of New York and in the more recent ones in Connecticut. For some reason or other, the people are dissatisfied with the party which they put in power a few months ago and are turning against it. The most striking evidence of dissatisfaction comes from Ohio, the State of President McKinley and the supposed stronghold of the new tariff bill. The tide here against the Republicans is so strong that the Democrats have carried nearly all the cities of the State, including the President's home, Canton. They have carried Cincinnati by 7,000 plurality, though the city gave McKinley a plurality of 20,000. They have carried Columbus by a small plurality, though the city gave McKinley a plurality of over 3,000. They very nearly carried Cleveland, though the city gave McKinley a plurality of 3,500, and though their candidate was a very weak and unfit man, who was running against a candidate for reëlection who had given fair satisfaction. They have carried Springfield, Dayton, and Zanesville, and cut down the Republican vote in all other localities. There seems to be no exception to the general rule of large Democratic gains.

The municipal election in Detroit resulted in the first check ever experienced by Pingree since he entered upon his remarkable political career several years ago. As mayor of the city, term after term, he became its practical dictator, and he was almost justified in saying that he was the municipal government, so generally and so completely did he have his way. Last year he resolved to extend his power throughout the State. He captured the Republican nomination for the governorship, against the bitter opposition of most of the party managers, and was elected by a plurality nearly 24,000 larger than McKinley's because he did not conceal his sympathy with free coinage, and so drew the votes of many Bryanites. His next step was to announce that he proposed to hold on to the mayoralty while discharging the duties of the governorship, and he actually succeeded in filling this double rôle for a number of weeks before the courts could effectively interfere. When finally forced to choose between the governorship and the mayoralty, he decided to keep the State office and name as his successor in Detroit a man who would be his mere tool. But this was straining his power to the breaking-point, and his candidate failed of elec-

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tion by a few votes, although Pingree carried the city by nearly 10,000 majority last November.

Next to the tariff, the pooling bill just introduced in the Senate is the most important measure before Congress. The lawyers concerned in the railroad-rate question petitioned the Supreme Court to advance the Joint Traffic case, in order that it might be decided as soon as possible. But even a decision in their favor would have no effect on the great mass of Western traffic agreements which collapsed with the Trans-Missouri decision. Nor is it likely that the five Judges of the court who have practically declared Congress to be omnipotent over the whole subject will make any material modification of their views. It is the omnipotent right of Congress to "regulate commerce" by making any contracts it pleases crimes, which is at the root of the whole trouble, and nothing but legislation permitting traffic agreements will make it possible to secure any stability in the business of transportation, which means, of course, stability in the prices of all articles transported. The bill, in substance, permits traffic agreements such as those just declared illegal, under the supervision of the Interstate Commerce Commission, from which there is to be an appeal to the courts on the question of the reasonableness of rates. If this bill could pass, it would do all that can be now done to settle a matter which has hung like a pall over the business of the country for twenty-five years, and which the anti-Trust decision makes more serious than ever.

Since the decision in the Trans-Missouri traffic case, attorneys of the roads affected have formulated a new agreement, which, however, does not seem yet to have been adopted. It is significant as indicating the opinion of the best railroad lawyers in the country as to the extent of the powers over their rates left in the railroads by the decision. The agreement defines a certain rate territory; provides for a rate bureau and the election by the presidents of the roads of a board of commissioners of five members; the compilation, distribution, and interchange of the tariffs, and general freight statistics of the various roads; and for divisions of joint through rates (*i. e.*, the division of the money received by several roads for one service). The following clause explains itself: "Nothing herein shall be so construed as to establish or otherwise affect rates on freight traffic, and it shall be the duty of the Board of Commissioners so to exercise the power conferred upon it as to discourage, and so far as possible prevent, a violation of the interstate laws, or any other federal or State law, or the provisions of the charters of any of the parties hereto." This agreement shows that the advisers of the roads construe the decision as taking away from them all power to make agreements with one another to maintain rates, however reasonable, or to keep them stable. The agreement is one simply to communicate information to each other.

The arbitration treaty, as originally drawn, provided that "all questions in difference" which the two countries might fail to adjust by negotiation, should be submitted to arbitration. The Hoar amendment, adopted last week by a vote of 54 to 13, provides that "any difference which, in the judgment of either party, materially affects its honor or its domestic or foreign policy, shall not be referred to arbitration under this treaty except by special agreement, nor shall any question as to the continuance in force of any treaty which has previously been made. It is further explicitly specified and agreed that all agreements entered into by the contracting parties under this treaty shall be signed by the President of the United States and receive the approval of the Senate by a two-thirds vote before it becomes binding upon Great Britain or the United States." The first branch of this is meant to save the Monroe Doctrine; the second to except the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, and the third reserves the right of the Senate to dissent from any agreement for submission to arbitration that may be made by the executive.

Whether England will agree to the treaty with such amendments cannot now be known. The first provision is not of great importance. The Monroe Doctrine can never be submitted to arbitration, because it means whatever our Government decides that it does mean, and it is never stated in the same form by any two of its supporters. A proposition the exact nature of which cannot be formulated by its advocates, cannot be submitted to a court. "Honor" and "domestic or foreign policy," too, mean whatever we think they mean, and Lord Salisbury wanted some such clause inserted originally. The last clause is a notice that the Senate means to have a finger in the pie, and will not allow Lord Salisbury and Mr. McKinley to refer any matter without its permission. The exception of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty is more serious, for this presents a subject eminently fitted for arbitration. It is a matter in actual difference between the two countries, and has been the subject of a long correspondence. Moreover, it presents a question more like one of ordinary law than most international questions—whether one party may withdraw from an agreement essentially reasonable and beneficial to both, for reasons affecting, or supposed to affect, itself. The whole object of the treaty is to arbitrate just such questions, and, therefore, to begin by saying that, not only will we not arbitrate anything that may strike us unfavorably at the time, but we will incorporate in the treaty itself a refusal to arbitrate the question which just now seems to be best fitted for arbitration, is, to say the least, to hazard the treaty.

The civil-service reformer whom Mr. McKinley put at the head of the Treasury Department is living up to his principles. The appointments of assistant secretaries sent to the Senate by the President last week were the selections of Mr. Gage, and they are precisely the sort of appointments needed for these responsible positions—those of men who have had long experience in the service of the Government, and have displayed their fitness for the work now set before them. Mr. Spaulding, after preliminary training, held under Harrison the same office that is now again given him, while Mr. Howell has made his way up by his own merit from the humble place of messenger in the department. We think this is the first time that an assistant-secretaryship of the Treasury has been given as a promotion to a man who entered at the bottom, but such appointments will not long be novelties. The merit system only needs to be tried in this final development of its principles, and it will justify itself by the results here as everywhere else.

The decision of the New Jersey Supreme Court last week, declaring unconstitutional the partisan Republican law for controlling the governments of Jersey City and Newark, was based on the prohibition by the Constitution of the State of "any local or special law regulating the internal affairs of towns or counties." It is chiefly notable as a judicial rebuke to the New Jersey Republicans for attempting the very thing for which they have so often raged (provisionally and in platforms) at the New Jersey Democrats. Something may undoubtedly be said against spring elections in Jersey City and Newark, but the court holds that they cannot be abolished in the partisan way attempted. Republican leaders are reported to be "stunned" by the decision. Had not Boss Sewell told them the law was a clever move, and guaranteed that the courts would uphold it? One of the stunned leaders must be, we should say, Gov. Griggs, who favored and signed the bill which the Supreme Court now tells him is clearly unconstitutional. There must be many other things in the course of the Republican Legislature just adjourned to stun the Governor. But who is more to blame than himself? When he began making notoriously unfit appointments, the Republican leaders took it as notice that the reign of "magazine politics" was over, and that there was no use in even pretending any longer to be better than the Democrats. The result is a wasted session and bright Democratic hopes of carrying the State again.

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TARIFF-MAKING EXTRAORDINARY.

THE tariff bill which the House passed on Wednesday of last week, without knowing or caring what it was, is in many respects the most extraordinary measure of the kind ever heard of. It is without a parallel in the manner of its framing. It was drawn in secret by eleven men (or, rather, six men) who had not even been sworn in as members of this House. The sentiment of the present House was not consulted—indeed, as was shown in the debate, was in many points of the bill distinctly ignored and affronted. All accounts agree that if the House had been allowed to vote on certain amendments, the bill would have been radically changed. But it was not allowed to vote on them. Thus a bill drawn in its entirety before the present Congress even met, was to be imposed from the outside on the House, without adequate debate or opportunity for amendment, and then the Senate and the country were to be told that this was the spontaneous voice of the House of Representatives!

Who framed the bill? Ostensibly, the eleven Republican members of the ways and means committee of the last House. Still more narrowly, six of those members voting down five. Accurately, tariff beneficiaries pulling the strings that move their puppets in the committee. How can eleven men agree on all the details of a complicated tariff? They cannot. All they can agree upon is, as the old cabinet member said when asked how thirteen men could unite in any given policy, that they would rather keep their offices than lose them. Mr. Dingley, for example, is on record as bitterly opposed to the leading schedule of his own bill. The Dingley bill of the last Congress, with duties on wool and woollens at about half the rates now proposed, was his idea of what the tariff should be. But now he has been outvoted and humiliated in his own committee, and is forced to get up in Congress and defend schedules which he privately denounces as monstrous. This is but typical of the contests which raged within the committee on all important schedules. Let it be understood, therefore, that the bill now before the Senate is the work, not of the House, not of the committee on ways and means, but of six men, now one set and now another, subject to the cajolings or threats of those who expect the tariff to put money in their purses.

In view of these admitted facts, the demand that the Senate and the country take this bill as the product of perfect legislative wisdom is a piece of the coolest impudence. Mr. Cannon said, the day before its passage, that the House would now adjourn every three days, the members scattering to Old Point Comfort and elsewhere to rest from their arduous labors, while the country would rise and demand that the Senate pass the bill instanter and unaltered. But this must have been only Mr. Cannon's little joke. The only rising the country, or the party, will do will be to demand that the Senate amend the bill into something like decency. At any rate, it is perfectly certain that the Senate will amend the bill extensively. If the House committee had three months to work on the tariff, the Senate finance committee may reasonably demand two. A sub-committee of four is, in fact, already at work on a measure of its own. To oppose the tariff made in the House by six men, a bill will be offered in the Senate made by three men.

These three Senators will do well to take advice as to their work from a source which Mr. Dingley and his colleagues seem strangely to have neglected. We refer to the recorded views of William McKinley. That eminent authority on tariff legislation must be utterly opposed to the whole proceedings in the House respecting the tariff. The Senate has only to read the following extract from his speech made in the House on April 15, 1878, to be assured that President McKinley will uphold Senators in withstanding Mr. Dingley's inconsiderate attempts to "unsettle trade," strike "terror to the commercial classes," and commit an "act of criminality":

> "If a change is necessary in the present tariff system, or in some cases a reduction is demanded for the general good, then I answer that such reduction or change should be the work of time, and not hastily or inconsiderately made. Any change, however seemingly trifling, will seriously operate upon the business interests of this country, will *unsettle trade and disturb values. Even a discussion of the question is a terror to the commercial classes;* and we have discovered, since the report of the sub-committee of the committee of ways and means was given to the House and to the country, a marked disturbance in every avenue of trade and labor.
>
> "There can be no justification for an immediate change of the present system. If a new policy is to be inaugurated, or departures are to be made from the old, then they *should have reference to a period of time in the future sufficiently remote from the present to enable business men and trades-people to prepare for the new order of things* and adjust their trade conformably to it. We want in this country *no sudden shock to further paralyze business.* A law passed now, to go into effect at once, as proposed by this bill, or in the near future, would be *without justification on the part of this House, and, I may almost say, would be an act of criminality.*"

The truth is, that the action of the House on the Dingley tariff was throughout perfunctory in the extreme. The debates were without life. A quorum was secured each day with difficulty. An air of listlessness and indifference pervaded both sides of the House. The bill was passed as by those saying, "Thank God, we are well rid of a knave." Now the Senate and the conference committee are looked to for the real tariff bill. This one is confessed in the act to be only a rough block made ready for future carving. A real revenue bill, such as Mr. Dingley might easily have drawn, could have been passed speedily and without serious objection. The huge nondescript he has chosen to bring forth satisfies nobody, certainly not himself; it will be subject to amendment beyond recognition, to interminable delays and intrigues; and, when it finally becomes law, will have as good a right to be known as the Allison bill, or the Wolcott bill, or the Tillman bill, or the Pritchard bill, as to bear the name of Dingley.

THE PROGRAMME FOR CURRENCY REFORM.

THE *Tribune*, which certainly cannot be accused of excessive enthusiasm over the plan of currency reconstruction, admitted editorially on Sunday that "the proposal to appoint a monetary commission, with instructions to report a bill or bills next October, can now be considered without fear that the measure will obstruct the passage of the revenue bill in the House." We believe that if the Republican party and the President honestly mean to redeem their reiterated pledges, immediate action by the House on this question is imperative. Let us see what will be involved by such prompt consideration of the currency-commission bill, and what by its postponement to another session. A currency commission named in the present session would take testimony during the long congressional vacation, and would presumably present its bill when Congress reconvenes early in December. Its propositions would doubtless be reinforced by Secretary Gage's first annual report to Congress, and possibly by Mr. McKinley's message. The bill would, in accordance with the usual custom, be referred to committee, would be reported some time during January, and, at best, would not pass Congress until well on in the ensuing spring or summer. This was exactly the history of the tariff-commission bill of 1882. That commission was appointed in accordance with a bill introduced March 20, 1882, passed May 9, and approved May 15. The commission made its formal report in the following December; a measure framed partly on the basis of the commission's recommendations was introduced that month, reported from committee January 11, and finally enacted on the 3d of March. Between the first consideration of the bill to appoint a select commission and the enactment of the legislation with a view to which the commission was appointed, almost exactly a year elapsed.

Such is the outlook, even with prompt consideration of the currency commission bill. But postponement means a very much longer lapse of time before the final measure could in any case pass into law. Deferred until next session, even the commission bill would hardly reach formal discussion before January. No commission could possibly report before the winter session of next year; the actual currency-reform bill, then, would not be on its way to actual passage until well on in 1899. Now, it is true that even then the present Administration would have two years more

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of life, but the life of the present Congress would be nearly ended; and it is Congress, not the President, from whom the measure of relief must come. It will be no unusual experience to find an anti-Administration House of Representatives returned in the elections of 1898.

Once actually passed, a measure for the reformation of our currency would rest in little danger from a future opposition Congress; first, because it is always easier to pass a law than to repeal it, and, second, because an executive veto would thereafter stand as a safe protection. But unless such a measure is passed by the present Congress, it will very possibly be thrown forward again and left to the mercy of a Presidential contest. Currency reform has at least ostensibly been made an Administration policy; an opposition House of Representatives is not apt to take up such measures with enthusiasm. We are perfectly well aware that in some quarters such a long and indefinite postponement would be accepted as no misfortune. The *Tribune* is evidently one of these secret enemies of the entire project. In the same editorial from which we have already quoted, that newspaper, after confessing that the time is ripe for consideration of the commission measure in the House, advances three pretended arguments for postponement: First, the measure might cause such differences in the Senate as would jeopardize the tariff bill; second, the currency discussion might disturb the trade revival anticipated by the *Tribune* from the new protection schedules; third, the time to secure currency reform is during industrial prosperity, not when business is in the dumps.

But there is a short, simple, and conclusive answer to each of these three arguments for delay. The *Tribune* disingenuously assumes that the measure now proposed to be considered is the actual currency-reform bill. Nothing of the sort is true. Only appointment of an expert commission is desired. That our present currency is objectionable and full of danger is conceded almost unanimously. As to the proper measure of reform, opinions unquestionably differ; but except Mr. Sherman and the *Tribune*, we know of no statesman or newspaper of any consequence asserting that the present system is satisfactory. The President certainly put himself on record, in his inaugural address, against perpetuation of the existing evils. A long and almost unbroken line of protests against the present laws has been contributed by the Treasury Secretaries, of both parties, during fifteen years. Mr. Sherman himself has taken ground decidedly in favor of a different and more rational system; though, after his usual fashion, he has on other occasions occupied a position diametrically opposite. To assume, in view of all these facts, that a bill to appoint commissioners for mere purposes of examination, inquiry, and advice will jeopardize all other legislation, is nonsense. In any case, the commission bill would not be likely to reach the Senate before the tariff debate was ended.

The plea that a currency-commission bill would upset business is too childish for serious consideration. All that is needed for answer is the query whether business interests have such reason to be satisfied with the recent working of the present system that a plan to investigate its notorious defects would cause alarm. The third point, that currency reform can be better planned in times of high prosperity, is contradicted by the experience of every civilized community. At such times measures of legitimate reform can rarely get a hearing, simply because the very fact of profitable business lulls the community into a false security. In 1872, in 1880, in 1891, warnings enough were given that the whole basis of our paper currency was precarious and doubtful, but the warnings found no listeners until disaster, long invited, came. The specie-resumption act in 1875 and the repeal of the silver-purchase law in 1893 were the outcome of the experience of hard times as truly as was the English Government's resumption law of 1819. It is, moreover, a question of considerable interest whether, without adequate provision now for currency reform, the industrial revival so confidently predicted by the tariff-tinkers can be reasonably expected. If such revival fails to come, through deliberate neglect of the promised reform, it needs no prophet to point out the certain fate of this Administration.

THE ANTI-PROPERTY CRAZE.

THE decision of the Supreme Court in the anti-Trust case has had one good effect: it seems to have suddenly "shut up" several newspapers which have for some time been doing their utmost to foment the craze against property that has been this winter sweeping through the country. They have stopped bellowing about Trusts and monopolies evidently because they begin to see from this decision what all this will result in. A decision that a railway-traffic contract was illegal would not have mattered much to anybody; but a decision that such a Congress as ours is omnipotent over the whole mass of contracts which regulate trade and commerce throughout the country, and that we are now living under a law which makes all contracts illegal if a majority of the Supreme Court think them better out of the way, is another matter. That this is really what the decision amounts to is shown not only by the nature of the construction put upon it by the four dissenting judges, but by the fact that the old test of reasonableness is formally repudiated without any substitute being advanced. The moment reasonableness and unreasonableness are abandoned as the test of a contract's validity, there is nothing left but the decision of the court, based on whatever notion it pleases to follow. Instead of living under a system of constitutional law and settled rules of property, all the business of the country is in the hands of judges who are to administer a sort of new criminal equity of their own (determined by what used to be called in England the "length of the Chancellor's foot"), under which we are to be sent to jail for acts of which no one can tell in advance why they are not perfectly innocent, and even beneficial in their effects.

No one who does not read the newspapers with some care for the purpose of getting at the actual drift of public sentiment can form an idea of the violence which has marked the anti-property craze during the past year. We have had nothing at all like it before in this country, and it has sprung up and raged with all the fury of a true craze, coming no one could exactly say whence, and tending no one could exactly predict whither. When we said in the beginning of it that if we were going to have a campaign against Trusts and monopolies we needed to have pointed out first how we were suffering from them, we were denounced as being the poor man's enemy, and were told that it was no wonder that there was widespread discontent if such doctrines were taught. All last summer and autumn the idea was encouraged on every side that there was a tremendous demand for a crusade against Trusts, monopolies, and corporations. It was announced that the anti-Trust laws already passed had never been enforced because all the attorneys-general and district attorneys were corrupt, and Heaven was implored that McKinley would do the good work which the damnable treachery of Cleveland and Olney had prevented. The craze was enormously stimulated by the heavy Bryan vote, the Bryan campaign having been openly directed not against gold, but against property and the defence by the courts of the rights of property.

When the Legislatures met this winter, the avalanche of bills launched against property was something startling. Not only new and more stringent laws against Trusts, but laws against department stores, laws against bargain-counters, laws against railways, laws against banks, laws against corporations were heaped up on the Speakers' desks, as if the statute-books of the various States were not already full of stringent laws against all forms of oppression by capital. In this State, already heavily taxed, the Comptroller recommended, and the Assembly has unanimously passed, a graduated inheritance tax, so as to get another "whack" at the rascals who inherit property; and another bill directed at foreign corporations was prepared to break up the abominable practice of forming corporations under the laws of New Jersey—a bill which the crafty capitalists of New Jersey had to counteract

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by getting a fresh law of their own secretly passed while the anti-Trust lobby had its back turned.

The craze was running its course splendidly down to the moment of the anti-Trust decision, and it was speedily becoming clear that it was directed really not against Trusts, but against any form of property. To those who are affected with the craze, in its legislative form—a body of very irresponsible and ignorant men hardly known outside the obscure "circles" from which they get into politics and the Legislature—property means rich men, and their business is in some way to make rich men bleed. That is what legislation and taxation mean to them. They are not thrifty, and their idea of power is to use it as a substitute for thrift. Consequently, when they were told that Trusts and monopolies and combinations and corporations ought to be attacked in the interest of the people, they were tickled to death. Previously they had been told that attacks on property were immoral, an idea which sadly interfered with their aims; now they were assured that property itself, or at least most of the operations by which property is accumulated, were immoral, and a mandate was given them to attack it. The craze was evidently calculated to be popular with the whole political class.

It has been stimulated, too, very much by the extreme cowardice of the owners of property. In this city they have for generations been so accustomed to find it easier to "get along" by means of corruption in some form, that they never dreamed of making a fight. When you say to a New York millionaire, "Why don't you resent? Why don't you struggle? Why don't you protest?" he almost always smiles a sad smile, and explains that "that isn't the way to do it." His way of doing it is to buy exemption from the law for himself, and thus foster the very inequalities which in their turn serve as fuel for the craze, and so increase the power of the political bosses who plunder him. Now the decision of the Supreme Court goes to the bottom of the matter, and shows us what attacks on property come to. Here is a statute which nobody dreamed applied to railroads, which is construed so as to throw into the hands of the very class from which the Tweeds and Crokers and Platts come, a power over the network of contracts which are the source of property itself, and without which property could not have any existence. Hitherto what reasonable contracts were made the law merely enforced. Now we are told that hereafter what contracts we shall be allowed to make Congress will tell us, and this in a decision affecting property valued at $11,000,000,000, or many times the whole national debt.

What will come next nobody knows, but that we are face to face with a craze far more serious than any that has preceded it, few will be inclined to deny. The Granger craze affected railroads; the greenback and inflation and silver crazes affected the currency and the national honor; the Jingo craze endangered peace; but this one threatens the whole economic fabric, and, what is more, it is a double craze: it produces legislation involving in confusion everything in the States, and at the same time leads Congress to legislate on the same subjects. To judge by experience, the political class will not give it up until they find out that it is not a genuine political movement, but a craze. But this we cannot teach them by playing into their hands as we have been doing hitherto. It is a fortunate circumstance that among the contracts affected by the anti-Trust decision may be even those of newspapers.

FICTION-FIENDS.

THE action of the Carnegie Free Library of Allegheny, Pa., in excluding certain writers of fiction from its shelves excited so much interest and discussion that the librarian, Mr. W. M. Stevenson, has thought it well to explain the matter. This he does in the March *Library Journal*. The novels in question were not so much excluded as refused renewal when read to tatters. Nor was the reason assigned that the stories were immoral; they were simply silly, slovenly, not strictly literature at all. Some of the novels which the library, under this ruling, decided not to replace when worn out were the works of Mrs. Holmes, Mrs. Southworth, A. C. Gunter, and E. P. Roe. The local press took the affair very hard, especially the laying of audacious hands on the "native author named Roe": did the librarian mean to give the lie to Matthew Arnold? And how could Mr. Stevenson be sure that he got all the silly novels out? He frankly confessed that he could not. Some were still on the shelves, but solely for the reason that they were made of "a little better paper"; as soon as they are worn out they, too, will be excluded.

It might be argued that this is really to make wood-pulp, not literary quality, the standard. But we are not interested in this question, nor in other aspects of the Carnegie Free Library's action, so much as in some of the incidental observations made by Mr. Stevenson on the habits of the fiction-ridden classes. One of his discoveries was that of a sort of free-for all competition among school-children to see who could read the most novels in a given time. One heroic boy averaged a volume a day of Alger, "Optic," and the like, for several weeks running. "A prominent educator" disapproved of this, which is not strange. That is the way in which "fiction-fiends," as Mr. Stevenson suggestively calls them, are made—not born. His study of them in their native haunts for six successive years leads him to deny a theory advanced by "librarians of standing," and, we may add, by others. This is the theory that devotees of Mrs. Holmes and E. P. Roe will "gradually rise to something better." Librarian Stevenson's experience is that this is absolutely false. He has "never yet discovered a case of improvement. Once the habit is formed, it seems as difficult to throw off as the opium habit."

No one would be surprised at this, we imagine, were it not for the lingering power of two respectable fallacies. One is that reading in itself is a virtue. Old-fashioned parents have been known to say complacently that if their boy is reading he surely can be taking no harm; the acuter moderns are often as much alarmed at absorbed reading, as they are at preternatural quiet, on the part of their children. There is a presumption of mischief on foot in either case. Something, after all, depends on the thing read. But what of all the great men who have confessed to a youth of reckless indulgence in novel-reading? Was not Thackeray "a lazy, idle boy" who delighted in 'Thaddeus of Warsaw'? That is the second fallacy. Genius may disport itself for a time in cheap and silly reading, but that scarcely proves that cheap and silly fiction breeds genius. The exuberant and expanding power of a great talent may have its fling with books that are no books and literature that is meretricious; but the fact that it succeeds in escaping unscathed is no evidence that the regimen is just the thing to foster talent and taste. Temporary loitering by future great men among foolish books is a very different thing from the prolonged, the satisfied, the sottish reading of inane novels by the true fiction-fiends.

Why they should be thought likely to free themselves from the lengthening chain which they drag at each new story, it is hard to see, when one thinks of it. Nowhere else is immersion in the dull, the inferior, the vulgar, thought of as harmless, much less as a necessary preparation for appreciating the bright, the superior, the elevated. If we saw a child smearing the walls of his nursery with staring reds and yellows from his paint-box, we should not say, "Let be, there is a fine artistic taste in the making." But, under the influence of the respectable superstitions already mentioned, parents contentedly watch their children drenching and drowning their minds in ill-written books, as if this were the predestined way to form a good literary taste. The examples of cultivated and illustrious men who became cultivated and illustrious in spite of similar youthful indulgences, are urged in excuse, with as much solemnity, and with about as much relevancy, as the good woman displayed who announced that her son was to be a philanthropist, as she had observed that philanthropists were generally wealthy.

Nobody can stop the reading of fiction (if anybody wants to), but we can do something to prevent the nourishing of fiction-fiends. Everywhere fiction furnishes the

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great bulk of popular reading. The public library in Salem, Mass., with all the noble literary traditions of that town, reports 84 per cent. as the proportion of fiction circulated last year. In Carnegie Free Library, situated, as Mr. Stevenson points out, "in the heart of Presbyterianism," in what is largely a residence city, with a university, three theological seminaries, and excellent public and private schools, the percentage of fiction circulated is still higher—90 per cent., in fact. Not to stop novel-reading, but to stop indiscriminate novel-reading, is the thing to aim at. It is unfortunately true that there are thousands of readers to whom a novel is a novel, and one is as good as another. They do not crave the vicious or the suggestive in fiction—they scarcely recognize those or any other qualities when they meet them—but they love to surrender themselves in complete vacuity to any kind of a tale that will keep them from thinking. The thing they need to be saved from is their dead monotony of indifference. By a blow on the head, if necessary, they must be given the idea that one novel, one piece of writing, is better than another. They may have to take it on authority at first, and find out the reasons why later. Therefore we think it highly desirable that public libraries should begin giving them this blow on the head. It might start obscure but, in the end, salutary trains of thought in their minds if all libraries were to follow the example of the Carnegie Free Library, and say to them, "No, madam (or sir), we have not the immortal works of Fleming or Clay or Southworth, but we can give you Scott or Hawthorne or Thackeray."

THE RETURN OF BRADFORD'S HISTORY.

THE return to America of Gov. William Bradford's manuscript history of Plymouth Plantation is an event of unusual interest. Years ago the desirability of its transfer was suggested, but it was not until last November that steps were taken towards the formal request which has now resulted in its delivery, by the Chancellor of the Diocese of London, to Ambassador Bayard.

This precious record of the Pilgrims in Holland, of their voyage in the *Mayflower* to Plymouth, and of their plantation there, covering the years 1602 to 1646, is entirely in Bradford's handwriting. The volume is a folio of two hundred and seventy pages, measuring twelve inches by seven and a half, backed with white parchment, soiled, and showing marks of much use. It was begun about the year 1630, "and so pieced up at times of leisure afterwards," until 1650. After Bradford's death in 1657, the manuscript was used freely by Nathaniel Morton in compiling his 'New England's Memoriall' (Cambridge, 1669), and in his records of the Church at Plymouth, 1680. On one of the blank leaves at the front is the inscription: "This book was rit by goefner William Bradford, and gifen to his son mager William Bradford, and by him to his son mager John Bradford, rit by me Samuel Bradford, March 20, 1705."

A quarter of a century later it passed into the hands of the Rev. Thomas Prince, who was then assiduously gathering materials for his New England Library, the book-plate of which is pasted on another leaf. With the book-plate is the following note:

"Tuesday, June 4. 1728.

"N. B. Calling at Major John Bradford's at Kingston near Plimouth, son of Major W^m. Bradford formerly Dep Gov^r of Plimouth Colony, who was eldest son of W^m. Bradford, Esq. their 2^d Gov^r & author of this History;—y^e s^d Major John Bradford gave me several Manuscript Octavoes w^c He assured me were written with his said Grandfather Gov^r Bradford's own Hand. He also gave me a little Pencil Book wrote with a Blew-lead Pencil by his s^d Father y^e Dep Gov^r. And He also told me y^t He had sent & only lent his s^d Grandfather Gov^r Bradford's History of Plimouth Colony wrote by his own Hand also, to Judg Sewall; and desired me to get it of Him or find it out, & take out of it what I think proper for my New England Chronology; w^c I accordingly obtained, and This is y^e s^d History, w^c I find wrote in y^e same Hand-writing as y^e Octavo Manuscripts above s^d. "Thomas Prince.

"I also mentioned to him my Desire of lodging this History in y^e New England Library of Prints & Manuscripts, w^c I had been collecting for 23 years, to w^c He signified his willingness—only y^t He might have y^e Perusal of it while he lived.

"T. Prince."

During Prince's life, and after his death in 1758, his books were deposited for safe-keeping in the steeple-chamber of the Old South Church in Boston. Here the Bradford manuscript was found by Governor Hutchinson, who used it in preparing his 'History of the Province of Massachusetts-Bay,' published in 1767, and this is the last mention of its presence in America. How or when it disappeared can only be surmised. At the time of the British occupation of Boston, the Old South Church was used for a riding-school by the soldiers. Among the books carried away by them was Governor Bradford's "Letter-Book," which was taken to Halifax and used for wrapping-paper in a grocer's shop, where the remaining fragments were found and rescued some time afterwards. For eighty years the "History" was given up as lost.

In 1844 there was published in London the first edition of a 'History of the Protestant Episcopal Church in America,' by Samuel Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford, in which extracts were made from a certain manuscript history of the Plantation at Plymouth, referred to as being in the library of the Bishop of London at Fulham Palace. This was followed by Rev. J. S. M. Anderson's 'History of the Church of England in the Colonies,' the second volume of which appeared in 1848, and in this work references were made to "Bradford's MS. History of Plymouth Colony," in possession of the Bishop of London.

The later history of the manuscript is well known—how, in 1855, it was identified as the long-lost waif from the New England Library; how widespread an interest was excited by its discovery; and how it was transcribed, and published by the Massachusetts Historical Society as a special volume in 1856, under the able editorship of Dr. Charles Deane. Finally, in 1896, a facsimile reproduction was issued in a sumptuous folio volume, edited by John A. Doyle of All Souls College, Oxford.

Much credit is due to Senator George F. Hoar for starting the movement that has led to the restoration of the volume. The act of our English cousins in complying with the request is a pledge of mutual good feeling, which, it is hoped, will ever be preserved unbroken.

THE PLAGUE IN BOMBAY.

BOMBAY, March 1, 1897.

THE plague began in Bombay early in September. Its presence in the city was sedulously concealed. Neither police nor municipality thought fit to let it be known that the Great Death had entered the town. Yet only by the spread of this knowledge could means be taken to prevent the growth of the disease. No adequate means was taken. The plague was allowed to run its course from the beginning. It grew under official reticence, as it flourished in the gloom of the tenements where it started. Dirt, darkness, and concealment strengthened it. The native inhabitants personally provided the first, their houses the second, the municipality the third.

But in September the disease progressed slowly. No alarm was felt. A few more deaths than usual were registered from day to day. The plague took its own time, rooting itself gradually but firmly, unimpeded by natives or Europeans. The former did not know what was killing them. The latter suspected the truth, but remained passive. No notice was issued to the tourists, who were even then beginning to embark for their winter's holiday; and no care was taken to separate the plague-patients from others. But further concealment shortly became impossible. The natives grew anxious. They died mysteriously, awfully; and they died in increasing numbers. The news got abroad. The reluctant municipality found it necessary to publish a statement. Toward the end of September the announcement was formally made that the bubonic plague was in the city. The natives began to slip away. The daily trains leaving the city became somewhat crowded. Little was said, but the people feared. However, there was as yet no general appearance of terror. The October tourists arrived as usual. They made inquiries, but were all met by the smiling hotel-keepers with the same answer: "The Little Sickness? Ah, it is not important. A few cases perhaps among the natives. There is really no cause for apprehension." So the tourists filled the hotels and drove along the Esplanade, visiting the bazaars, and taking their afternoon's outing on the Queen's Road. Beside the Queen's Road the burning-ghâts of the Hindus were more steadily occupied than before; and here and there in the bazaars a shop or two would have the shutters closed. The visitors did not notice either fact. The papers were still very quiet about the matter. Why frighten away trade? Keep still. That was the motto of the municipality and of the papers.

It was now the last week of October. The bazaars were still full. The exodus of a few thousand made no appreciable difference in the appearance of a town of nearly a million. Fifteen deaths a day from plague were reported, twenty deaths, thirty deaths. Then happened the incident in connection with the Queen's statue. This statue, the pride of Bombay, was found one morning smeared with tar and decorated with a necklace, especially insulting, of native slippers. The perpetrators of the act have never been discovered, but the excitement produced was intense and lasting. From this time on, the underlings of the native population, ignoring the deaths of the past, attributed those that occurred and were still to occur to the fateful wrath of the Queen, whom the ignorant regard as a divinity armed with occult powers. Then finally, after weeks of inaction, in face of a danger recognized too late, came the demand for se-

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gregation. The demand was made by the papers, but, with one or two exceptions, it was made timidly. Would it not be better to segregate the plague-patients? asked the Anglo-Indian editors. This inquiry met with a howl of indignation on the part of the native papers and the native populace. Segregate the sick, intrude on domestic privacy, violate caste feeling? Infamous proposal! The proposal was dropped for the time, or only weakly renewed. So the plague increased.

But now the tourists had caught the alarm and were off at once. The landlords could not keep them by any soft persuasion. The Little Sickness got at last its true name. One spoke of it no longer, but whispered of the *mahimari*, the Great Death. The populace, fearing more the suggestion of segregation than the disease itself, departed in larger bodies. Every outgoing train was full. The coasting steamers carried sick and hale alike to other seaport towns, returning, as in the case of the infected third-class carriages on the trains, which no one thought of disinfecting, to pick up new crowds, and, with the germs of disease lodged in compartment and cabin, to make sick those that were well, and carry the plague again to other ports. People began to die more rapidly, more suddenly. A reign of terror set in. For now the credulous natives had conceived a new idea—an idea absurd, fantastic, but deeply implanted in the minds not only of the lowest classes, but of the higher stratum represented by the small dealers and the domestic servants. This was that the Queen, in revenge for the insult offered to her statue, had demanded the livers of thirty thousand inhabitants of Bombay. Who can say whence originated so silly a tale? But to these childish natives it was no tale, and there was no foolishness in it. It was dread reality. Hence, said they, this strange demand for segregation; hence the proposal that the sick should be taken to the hospital. Who that enters the hospital returns? The sick are butchered to avenge the Queen. So they fled. Whole families, men, women, and children, taking their sick with them, crowded to the railway stations. Often the sick died upon the train; often, before the family reached the station. Then they were left in the street.

Meantime stricter measures of relief had been taken. The natives were told peremptorily that all their sick must be carried to the hospital, that segregation would be enforced by the police, and by the military if necessary, and that every home must suffer the visits of the newly appointed vigilance committee. Not without a struggle were these things accomplished—a struggle that revealed to the depths how superficial is the civilization of the uneducated masses of the country. Most prominent in all attempts to combat sanitary regulations were the Mussulmans. They met in a huge assembly to "discuss" segregation. After the plan and its necessity had been fully explained to them, they gave their answer unanimously: "Down with the hospital. We will not be segregated. Prayer is our medicine. The mosque is our hospital." This was the reply of the Mohammedans. The Hindus, more timid, said nothing, but they ran away more than ever.

December came, and with the colder weather the plague assumed more formidable proportions. Then for the first time the Europeans applied themselves seriously to the work of cleansing the foul city. It was a fearful task. Squalid lanes, burdened with filth; dark, ill-ventilated houses, saturated with drainage and continually damp—such were the resting and breeding places of the plague. The committee that heroically labored to cleanse these stables reported a curious fact. Bombay is well supplied with water, a tap in every house. This very abundance of fresh water was one of the worst features of the case, for the shiftless tenants were found in many instances to have turned on the tap at some remote period and never to have turned it off again. Day after day water continued to run or drip in the vile little dens of their nasty hovels, falling constantly on the mud floor, and breeding all the disease that darkness and slime can engender. Many of the rooms had no light at all. The committee's first task was to break a hole in the roof and admit the sun; then to solder the tap and prevent more water from running upon the reeking floor. All this was met with angry protests, but it was done. The tenants were ordered to go to the street for water. Their houses were dried. The committee made several frightful discoveries. It was no uncommon thing to find a plague-patient hidden in the house; not uncommon, either, to find a dead body with a living patient beside it, both concealed in the same room, neither case having been reported to the police. Many of the houses were simple sinks of drainage, their floors covered with refuse and soaked with urine—animals and men having the same habitation and the same habits. As fast as possible these nurseries of the plague were cleansed. Wherever a death occurred, a red ring was painted on the front wall of the house. On some of these wretched tenements one saw four, five, even seven or eight such rings; and the house was still inhabited.

By the end of December more than a third of the population was fled. The disease was now firmly established in half a dozen places in the North and in several in the South. The upper towns of the Deccan became secondary plague centres. From Karachi the pestilence spread up through Sind. Here it assumed new violence. For in Bombay a patient might live two or three days, but when the plague first broke out in Karachi the sick man lived only three hours from the time the disease manifested itself. No dispersion abroad, however, loosened its grip on Bombay. It raged there, and has continued to rage, with even new power, sparing not even the children, as it did three years ago in Hong-Kong, but carrying off natives of every age.

Something beastly about it makes the plague peculiarly loathsome. The suffering is great, though not more severe than in many other diseases. But its aspects are disgusting. It is a disease of pigs and rats. One saw the latter lying dead everywhere about the city, their entrails plucked out, picked to pieces by the ravenous crows, the scavengers of Bombay. And the people fell in the streets like the rats. So great was their aversion to the hospital that, when a poor wretch found on himself the sure sign, he would wander up and down, secretive as an animal, till he suddenly dropped dead. The chief sign of the disease is a swelling beneath the armpits. When this appears there is no more hope. Nor is it well to live, for the few that have survived became hopelessly paralytic. But the known instances of survival are confined to Europeans and Eurasians. In the case of natives death usually comes at the latest within a few days of the appearance of the first signs, headache, fever, vomiting, and glandular swellings. But the period of incubation may be much longer than this, for eleven days have been known to elapse between the time when one victim, a Parsee, left town to locate himself in a perfectly healthy environment in the mountains and the time when the disease declared itself, after which the patient lived but three days.

The new year began in mourning. The native town was like a vast cemetery. The copper-bazaar, the gay centre of Hindu life, echoed only to the wail of them that accompanied the dead. On the Kalbadevi Road, where, so dense is the customary throng, one cannot ordinarily drive at all without stopping every moment, one could now pass at a gallop from end to end, and never touch a living creature. Day and night the acrid smoke from the burning-ghâts floated across the city. Their fires never went out, yet there were more corpses than could be burned, waiting their slow turn. The Mohammedan graveyards too were full. There are a couple of them, one on the Queen's road, one on the Grant Road, both in the heart of the city. Some day they may be instrumental in bringing a renewal of the plague upon Bombay. Even now the awakened municipality is trying to persuade the Mussulmans to bury their dead out of town. This request is met with stern refusal.

In the last two months the events of November and December have merely been repeated with greater effect. More have perished daily. According to carefully estimated (not the official) numbers, a thousand a week died of plague in Bombay in the latter part of December, nearly two thousand a week in February. Otherwise there is no change except in the new field of action on the part of the plague. Till the middle of December only the natives, a term embracing Hindus and Mussulmans, were attacked. Then the Great Death seized on the Parsees. By the middle of January they too were in swift exodus from the town. The woful city is now nearly depopulated, yet, despite diminished numbers, the death-rate from the plague has almost doubled within the past month.

But death is not the only ill of the plague, for indirectly also the suffering has been great. Trade has left the town; all ports are closed to it. Merchants sit idle; mechanics starve. Many are living on borrowed money, at one hundred and eighty per cent. interest per annum. What poor man recovers his feet when once the usurer of India has him fast? Most heavily does the loss of business weigh upon the artisans of the bazaars, whose work in gold, silver, and copper finds now no purchasers. The dealers in fancy goods, the shawl sellers, the ivory-workers, the carvers of sandal-wood, suffer most bitterly. They sell absolutely nothing. Even in the best seasons they lived from hand to mouth, but it was their own hand. They live now from the hands of charity or in that of usury. The menial classes have left town to such an extent that necessary sanitary labor cannot be properly performed. Since the middle of December the domestic servants have been running away, frequently leaving their wages, and many families are wholly dependent on the services of coolies taken directly from infected districts. Most of the city sweepers and cleaners have fled also, and but few remain to do work so imperative for the preservation of the city from other forms of disease; though, as if all were left to the plague, other sicknesses than this are rare. The grave-diggers too and the carriers of the dead are hard to obtain, and funerals must often be delayed on this account. But such delay means risk of life to others. In the case of

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some of the religious bodies only a particular caste, few in number, may do this work, and in these circumstances it is occasionally impossible to find bearers to whom the corpse may be intrusted. Then sometimes fear descends suddenly upon the bearers, even as they walk with their burden of danger through the deserted streets, and they set down the body of him that has died of the plague and escape in haste, lest death come upon them from the dead. Such are but a few of the varied forms of distress that the plague has brought in its train.

Thus far the Europeans, including Anglo-Indians, have escaped with very few deaths. Some of those registered as such in the papers are really deaths from among the Eurasians, whose habits are rather those of natives than of Europeans. Of the latter, a few brave physicians and nurses have died; but it is generally conceded that, unless a European has been for some time in direct contact with plague-patients, he is safe. Not to speak of the personal habits of Englishmen as contrasted with those of the natives, the former live in cleaner houses than do any of the natives or Parsees, and eat more strengthening food. For weakness, as well as diet, invites disease; and in this year of famine the native population has lived as only natives and cattle can, picking up the scantiest sustenance and half-starved for more than six months. As for the Parsees, although their personal habits are more wholesome than those of the Hindus, yet their domestic arrangements are often not much above the native standard. For this reason the vultures on the Towers of Silence have feasted in the last two months as they never feasted before; for when the plague finally began to work among the Parsees it worked quickly and steadily. In this Parsee mode of disposing of the dead there lies, moreover, a new danger to the unhappy town. The birds are often satiated, and will not perform their office; while the corpses of the dead lie exposed, naked, polluting the air, till the vultures again grow hungry. Of tourists there are not many left anywhere in India; in Bombay there are none, for more than a few hours at a time. They are apparently in no great peril, but it is perhaps well for them to hurry through the city and take to the steamers as quickly as possible.

E. Washburn Hopkins.

MURAT.

Paris, March 24, 1897.

Count Murat has just given to the public an important episode in the life of Murat, under the title of 'Murat, Lieutenant of the Emperor in Spain (1808), from his Inedited Correspondence and Original Documents.' This correspondence was left him by the Count de Mosbourg, who died only a few years ago, having done good service in French diplomacy, and having in 1870 been sent from Carlsruhe, where he was minister plenipotentiary, to Vienna, where he took for a while the direction of the French embassy. M. de Mosbourg was very well known and much liked in Paris society. He was the son of a compatriot and comrade of Murat, whom the latter attached to his fortune when he became Grand Duke of Berg, and whom he made Count of Mosbourg and minister of finance of the principality. In 1808 Count Mosbourg followed Murat to Naples, and remained minister of finance to the new King throughout his reign. When Joachim lost his crown and his life, M. de Mosbourg returned to France; he continued to be the faithful adviser of the ex-Queen, who had taken the name of Lipona (an anagram of Napoli); he entered the Chamber of Deputies after the Revolution of 1830, and was made a peer in 1837. He had prepared materials for a complete Life of Murat, but died before having accomplished his work. His son, who was in the diplomatic service, did not use the documents which his father had left him; he bequeathed them in turn to Count Murat, who has undertaken to give us an account of the period of 1808, during which Murat was Napoleon's lieutenant in Spain. He has placed at the beginning of his work an introduction from the hand of the first Count de Mosbourg, which is too apologetic, and cannot be considered as of great historical value. If we wish to have the real Murat before our eyes, we must not be satisfied with such pages, but must seek in a number of memoirs many sketches taken from life.

Joachim Murat was born March 25, 1767, at Bastide-Fortunière, a small village in the neighborhood of Cahors, of which his father was postmaster. He was the sixth child, and the third of three boys. As his father was also an agent of the Talleyrands, who had great estates in the country, he was destined for the Church, where it was hoped that the Talleyrand family would assure his future; but, seeing a regiment on the way from Auch to Carcassonne, he enlisted on February 23, 1787. We can trace from this date all his movements; you will find them in a curious volume, recently published, on 'The Family of Napoleon,' by M. Frédéric Masson—a volume of which I shall have to speak by and bye. I will only say that Murat, whom Masson paints as having an "*air casseur*, black hair, eyes like coal, and an iron constitution," threw himself with a sort of fury into the revolutionary movement. He says in a letter to the Convention "that he is a true sans-culotte, son of a peasant"; he changes for a time his name of Murat into that of *Marat*, one of the gods of the sans-culottes. His great fortune began at Mondovi, when he charged with the 20th dragoons the remains of the Piedmontese army, the old Stengel having fallen on the battlefield, and when Napoleon sent him to the Directory to take the news of his victory. "Murat," says Bourrienne, "by the beauty of his exterior, his physical strength, the elegance of his manners, the pride of his look, and his brilliant audacity in battle, resembled less a republican soldier than the knights depicted by Ariosto and Tasso. The nobility of his face made you promptly forget the vulgarity of his birth." Compare this portrait with that drawn by the Countess Potocka when Murat was in Poland: "Prince Murat announced that he would visit me, and came with a numerous following. He was a large man, or rather a tall man, with a *soi-disant* handsome face, yet displeasing, as it lacked nobility and was entirely devoid of expression. He had the majestic bearing of the actors who play the part of kings."

In his Introduction, M. de Mosbourg gives a letter written by Murat to his father from Alexandria on July 28, 1799. He announces the brilliant successes obtained by the French over the Ottoman army (he spells *ottomane* "hotomane"); he had been himself wounded by a pistol-shot, but adds that he is not disfigured. "Say to the belles, if there be any, who, after a year's absence, have kept a *cœur sensible* for me, that Murat, if not as handsome, will ever be as brave in love." This is the same Murat who sent to Countess Potocka, by an aide-de-camp, the key to little apartments in her own palace, where he wished her to meet him. The Countess pretended not to understand and sent the key to her mother. On the famous day of the 18th Brumaire, Murat played a most important part, and may be said to have made an Emperor. Napoleon gave him his sister Caroline for a wife. We find in the appendix to the volume the preamble of the marriage contract; the witnesses were Napoleon, First Consul; Joseph Bonaparte, minister plenipotentiary of the French Republic at Rome; Lucien Bonaparte, Minister of the Interior; Louis Bonaparte, chef de brigade.

Murat's deeds from the 18th Brumaire to Tilsit belong to history. It was only after Tilsit that Napoleon resolved to intervene in Spain, and to include the Spanish Peninsula in the vast system of kingdoms which should be the vassals of France. He supposed that his alliance with the powerful empire of the north would make it easy for him to place members of his family on every throne. Charles IV. had occupied the throne of Spain since 1788. He was married to the Infanta Maria Louisa of Parma, his cousin-german, who had absolute power over him. She was herself under the influence of Manuel Godoy, who was her lover, and whom she had made Prime Minister. Godoy had married Doña Louise de Bourbon, cousin-german of the King; he was, to use the words of Napoleon, the true King of Spain. The inner dissensions of the Spanish court scandalized Europe; the King and his son, the Prince of the Asturias, were hostile to each other, and each of them implored the help of Napoleon against the other. Napoleon committed an immense mistake in interfering in Spain. Haunted by the memory of Louis XIV., he said to his ministers: "I have made France greater and more powerful than she was under Louis XIV. Ought I not to repeat with him, 'There are no longer any Pyrenees'?" He saw more clearly afterwards, and he confessed at St. Helena, that he was wrong in dethroning the dynasty of the Bourbons. To be sure, Charles IV. was "usé," but Napoleon could have given a liberal constitution to Spain under Ferdinand, his son.

Godoy opened the doors of Spain to Napoleon, allowing him by a military convention to send 25,000 men to Lisbon by land, and to introduce 40,000 more if the English entered Spain in force. Junot crossed the frontier of Portugal with 28,000 men. At the same time Murat received the command of an expedition to Madrid, but he was kept in the dark about the object of his expedition as well as of the negotiations which were taking place between Napoleon and the Spanish court. Nominally, Napoleon was at peace with the King of Spain, but Murat received orders to occupy the citadel of Pampeluna. Murat believed that Napoleon intended to exile Godoy, to marry a princess of his own family to the Prince of the Asturias, and to make an expedition against Gibraltar. He was surprised when he was ordered to occupy the Spanish fortresses on the frontier.

Murat was well received in Spain, being looked upon at first as a liberator, as the man who would put an end to the insolent tyranny of Godoy. On his way to Madrid, at Castillejo, Murat heard that a palace revolution had taken place at Aranjuez. Charles IV. had been forced to abdicate; Godoy, who had been in danger of his life, had been imprisoned. Murat entered Madrid at the head of

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forty thousand men. As soon as he heard this news, Napoleon offered the throne of Spain to his brother Louis, then King of Holland, and spoke of joining Holland to France. In his letter of March 27, 1808, to Louis, he asks him to answer categorically, "for it was necessary that such a thing should be done before avowing having thought of it." Louis refused the offer; but this letter shows conclusively that Napoleon had from the beginning intended to dethrone the Bourbons of Naples. He refused to recognize Ferdinand as King after the revolution of Aranjuez, and affected to consider the abdication of Charles IV. as forced. Murat was kept in ignorance of the real projects of Napoleon. He had, however, spontaneously refused to recognize the Prince of the Asturias, and had offered Charles IV. an asylum in his army; he had extended his protection to Godoy.

Savary arrived with the Emperor's instructions. He confided to Murat that the Emperor destined the crown of Spain for one of his brothers, that it was necessary that King Charles IV., the Queen, the Prince of the Asturias, and Godoy should all be persuaded to come to France, where he would obtain from the royal family the cession of the Spanish throne. Murat was surprised, but said that he would, "though with regret, work on this new plan." Savary persuaded the Prince of the Asturias to go towards Napoleon and to meet him in France. In leaving Madrid, Ferdinand became, in fact, the prisoner of Savary. He travelled, escorted by French troops, to Burgos, to Vittoria; there he remained a little while, waiting for an answer to a letter which he had sent to Napoleon. The answer came from Bayonne (April 16, 1808), obscure and vague. Ferdinand, more perplexed than before, rushed on, against the advice of his friends and notwithstanding the attitude of the Spaniards, to Irun and Bayonne. Napoleon told him, at their first interview, that the Bourbons would cease to reign in Spain, and offered him in exchange for his rights the throne of Etruria and the hand of one of his nieces. On April 25, Napoleon, speaking of Ferdinand, wrote to Talleyrand: "The King of Prussia is a hero in comparison with the Prince of the Asturias. He has not yet spoken a word; he is indifferent to everything, very material, eats four times a day, and has no notion of anything."

The comedy of Bayonne, where father and son rivalled each other in servility to Napoleon, has been often told. It was followed by the bloody insurrection of Madrid and by the long and terrible drama of the Spanish war. Murat left Spain at the end of July, 1808. Had he ever thought of becoming himself King of Spain? Count Murat dares not answer this question in the negative. Napoleon, who afterwards made him King of Naples, could as well have made him King of Spain, and Murat would probably have defended the crown of the Peninsula better than the mild and timid King Joseph. Did Murat, during his short stay in Spain, compromise in any way the interests of France? The 'Memorial of St. Helena' insinuates that the Grand Duke of Berg thought more of his own interests than of the interests of Napoleon; but the conduct of Murat at the Restoration did not induce in the 'Memorial' any indulgence for Murat. It seems to have been the special object of Count Murat, in the somewhat confused and laborious volume which he has published with the help of the documents left by M. de Mosbourg, to exonerate Murat from the accusation of the 'Memorial.' I will add that in the 'Memorial' Napoleon is very severe on himself, in this affair of Spain, and does not hesitate to condemn his policy as the greatest blunder of his reign.

Correspondence.

PIONEER WOMEN STUDENTS IN GERMANY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The communication in your issue of March 25 on the experience of an American woman at the University of Göttingen will, I imagine, prove of great interest not only to the large number of American ladies who are either at the present time studying in Germany or are preparing to do so, but also to the students of the sterner sex who, during the last few years, have watched with interest and sympathy the persistent struggles of American girls to gain recognition at German universities.

Not more than six or eight years ago the presence of a woman in the class-room was of rare occurrence, and many an American student will be instantly reminded by this letter of bitter experiences which their American sisters were obliged to undergo in their efforts to obtain admission to university work. As I read the letter, the experience of two American girls at the University of Leipzig came quickly into my mind; the account of trials and disappointments was given me by the ladies themselves. At that time there were few American women attending lectures in the University; in our department but two. According to their statement there was no law governing the admission of women, but the individual professors admitted or denied admission according to their personal whims. I presume the conditions are much the same at the present time.

Of her efforts in gaining admissions to lectures, one of the ladies, Miss F——, met with the following success: Professor S—— received her with the utmost consideration when she called, and urged her kindly to attend freely any lectures that would be of interest to her; Professor W—— gave her a cool reception, but did not deny her request; but Professor H——, the moment she made known her desires, treated her with the most unmistakable rudeness. He stormed and stamped, raged at the impertinence of American women in presuming to take such steps, and finally refused her and (to make it more evident) all other women admission to his lectures as long as the law gave him the necessary power. This last adventure, quite naturally, caused Miss F—— many bitter tears.

Not long afterwards I happened to be speaking to Professor W—— of the American ladies attending his courses. "I see you have some of my countrywomen in your courses," I ventured to say. "I presume you are in sympathy with this new movement on the part of women?" "*Na*," answered the Professor, "I can't quite admit that. Fräulein F—— came to me and asked whether I was willing that she should attend my courses; and I told her it was a matter of indifference to me—she could attend if she liked. I will tell you privately, however [this was addressed to me], I don't quite like women in my class."

A report was current in the University at that time to the effect that a certain Junior Professor of Latin, who had one or more young ladies among his hearers, happened to speak of Minerva in one of his lectures. At the mention of this name he hesitated, gave a shy glance in the direction of the ladies, and remarked: "*Gott sei Dank!* We have disciples of this most favored goddess still among us." The Herren Studenten enjoyed the joke immensely; not so the ladies.

But the effort to obtain access to the lecture-room was by no means all the difficulty that lay in the path of the plucky lady students of that day; the attitude of the student body was not always encouraging. This aspect of the case interested us particularly, and observation easily proved to us that, in general, the presence of women in the class-room was not agreeable to the students. They were then inclined to look upon the sphere of woman as something quite different. Openly, the bearing of the students was not often rude, but privately the *Amerikanerinnen* were subject to not a little criticism. Miss F——, for example, passed under the name of *Walküre*, though no one could ever defend the appropriateness of the term, since Miss F—— was by no means fierce and warlike in appearance. The other lady was called *Minerva*, a name which possibly originated in the story given above; at any rate, the appellative was appropriate, for she was a student of rare ability.

The young ladies usually entered the hall either a little early or a little late, in order to avoid the crowd of students; at their entrance a student would occasionally whisper under his breath: "Da kommt die Walküre," or some remark in like vein, but never anything that was really objectionable. At the *Kneipe*, the conversation often turned upon the *Amerikanerinnen*, but the presence of American student-members, in all probability, served to temper the more unpleasant remarks. As the year wore on, we all noticed that these lady students attracted less and less attention; in fact, the ladies became a matter of course. I imagine their presence in the lecture-room is now—even after so few years—a familiar sight in most German universities.

The American lady students deserve great credit for their persistence and courage in this particular work; they are not only "pioneers" for the cause of higher education of women in this country, but also benefactors of the ever-increasing number of German women who are, as yet modestly, demanding greater advantages for education.

G. T. F.

Brunswick, Maine.

ANOTHER HOMERIC QUESTION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: As our educators are everywhere making earnest efforts to secure for our colleges uniformity in entrance requirements, I want to see if the leaders in the movement can be induced to throw the weight of their influence against a pedagogical mistake of the first magnitude, which yet is so firmly rooted that it will need resolute attack from our most influential men to overthrow it. I refer to the practice of making Homer one of the authors to be read by boys preparing for college. It really seems so plainly opposed to every sound educational maxim that one might suppose it to be necessary only to call attention to it in order to effect a change. For in what other study do we find such an extraordinary violation of natural procedure as this way of passing at once from Xenophon's 'Anabasis' to Homer—from the work selected as the easiest for beginners to the one that is at the furthest remove in all the things

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important for a beginner, save in the one matter of simplicity of the ideas presented?

What does a beginner need in such a language as Greek? He needs to get a firm and sure hold on the forms. He must get a good stock of words, and must learn the main principles of syntax. And, as he proceeds along these lines of work, he wants to be certain that what he has learned can be reasonably depended upon; otherwise he feels that he is building on a shaky foundation, and that makes him lose confidence. If he cannot perceive the reign of law in what he is learning, his mental corner-stone is pulled from under him. Hence he should, in Greek as well as in Latin or French or German, be kept at work *in the standard dialect* until his acquaintance with it is fairly satisfactory. And when he does pass to another dialect, is it not sound sense, and therefore sound pedagogy, to take up the one that will create the minimum of wrench between the old and the new? This means that the natural transition from Attic prose is to *Herodotus*, and surely the themes of which he wrote are as well worth reading as are those in Homer. But when a boy reads three or four books of the 'Anabasis' and is then put into Homer, he finds himself almost in a new language, with no sure guide as to forms or syntax, and he soon begins a guessing process which takes the place of steady and orderly progression. And yet this violent transfer is forced upon boys even in this enlightened age, and that, too, in the very language that is acknowledged to be the most difficult of the four that are usually studied in our colleges; the language that is most successfully assailed because of the poor results obtained after years of hard study.

Just imagine a class in French or German plumped into a dialect with no more foundation in the modern language than boys have in Attic prose after reading the traditional three or four books of the 'Anabasis.' "Oh, that would be irrational, of course." Undoubtedly, but not as much so as is the prevalent custom in Greek. It reminds one of the long use of τύπτω, an irregular and defective verb, as the chosen model for teaching the regular Greek verb. It is perfectly amazing to think what multitudes of scholarly teachers were content to use τύπτω.

What reasons can be given for this use of Homer in a preparatory course? Is it done to make sure that a boy who does not continue his Greek shall have read *some* of Homer in the original? Hardly. The courses, being "preparatory," are arranged for those who intend to pursue the study. Is it because of the great place Homer holds in literature, that the boys may early feel his power and charm? If so, the end is probably defeated ninety-nine times out of a hundred. If the pupil is faithful and industrious, the task is too laborious and progress is too slow. Or if (as is very likely) he rides a "pony," his literary gain is exceedingly slight. The teacher wanted him to

> ". . . hear, like ocean on a western beach,
> The surge and thunder of the Odyssey,"

and to secure this end a tub of salt water is brought in (to use an illustration of Prof. Gildersleeve's), and we try to believe that by dabbling in it the boys are getting a sight of the ocean!

Is it for the sake of learning more Greek? I respectfully submit that for every step forward in Homer a boy is likely to slip back two or three steps in his slim knowledge of Attic prose, unless the teacher tries to prevent this by constantly requiring the Homeric dialect to be expressed in terms of Attic. But this is not "literature" by any means, and it assuredly degrades Homer by making his great poems a *corpus vile* for the beginner to practise his crudities upon.

Once more, if the object is to gain a wider (if not an increased) knowledge of Greek, and for the linguistic training to be gained from a comparison of the language in these different stages, how can it be other than a most grave pedagogical blunder to attempt such a wide leap with youngsters whose Greek legs are not yet by any means steady under them, even in the plain and beaten path of the 'Anabasis'?

If the teacher will put Dr. Church's 'Story of the Iliad' and 'Story of the Odyssey' into the hands of the beginners (in their first year or two), they will have a far better appreciation of Homer as literature than very many college graduates have; and then, if Homer is reserved to a late period of the course, there is some reasonable chance that, with a vocabulary based on Attic prose, Herodotus, and the tragedians, the student may learn to read Homer with a fair measure of real enjoyment.

I have heard school-teachers say that they objected to reading Homer, but the colleges compelled them by requiring it for entrance. I have heard college professors (I could name one man of the very highest repute) say that they prefer to have only Attic prose read in the preparatory schools, but the school-teachers will cling to Homer! One thing is certain: if the colleges quit examining on Homer for entrance, the schools are not going to teach it; and if the Committee of Twelve will take the matter in hand they can soon settle it.

ADDISON HOGUE.
WASHINGTON AND LEE UNIVERSITY, LEXINGTON, VA.

Notes.

HARPER & BROS. have nearly ready a new novel by Mr. Howells, 'The Landlord at Lion's Head'; a new edition of Johnson's 'Pope,' edited by Kate Stephens; and 'An Experiment in Education,' that is, of children, by Mary R. Alling-Aber.

Charles Scribner's Sons announce 'Architecture of the Renaissance in Italy,' by William J. Anderson; 'Spitsbergen,' by Sir Martin Conway; 'Sporting Adventures in South Africa,' by Dr. Schultz; 'With the Royal Headquarters 1870-71,' a view of the Franco-German war from the Prussian staff, in the new "Wolseley" series of military books; and 'The Early Greek Philosophers,' all the existing, even fragmentary, texts, collected and edited by Prof. Arthur Fairbanks of Yale.

Frederick Warne & Co. have begun the publication of an extensive work, with numerous colored plates, in four volumes, on 'Favorite Flowers of Garden and Greenhouse,' edited as to the cultural directions by William Watson, F.R.H.S., assistant curator at Kew.

Thomas Whittaker will be the American publisher of Capt. Hinde's 'Fall of the Congo Arabs.'

Dodd, Mead & Co. will issue Miss Harraden's 'Hilda Strafford,' and 'The Great K. and S. Train Robbery,' by Paul Leicester Ford.

'The Housing Problem,' by Dr. E. R. L. Gould, will be the next addition to T. Y. Crowell & Co.'s "Library of Economics and Politics."

R. H. Russell announces 'Cuba in War Time,' by Richard Harding Davis.

A restoration of Pompeii ('Pompei vor der Zerstörung'), by C. Weichardt, architect, in a folio work whose plates will depict also the ruins and individual objects found in them, is announced by K. F. Koehler, Leipzig (New York: Lemcke & Buechner). The work is intended to have a popular character, as well as to possess a professional and archæological interest.

The enterprise of A. W. Sijhoff, Leyden (New York: Lemcke & Buechner), by which twelve of the oldest and most precious Greek and Latin manuscripts were to be reproduced in facsimile, has passed the initial stage. Volume one, 'Vetus Testamentum Graece,' from the Codex Sarriavanus-Colbertinus as dispersed in the libraries of Leyden, Paris, and St. Petersburg, appeared in January. It can still be furnished at forty dollars, but the price will be raised on the appearance of volume two, Codex Bernensis 363, consisting of Horace's Odes, fragments of Ovid's Metamorphoses, etc., including even part of Bede's History. The death of the projector, Dr. W. N. Du Rieu, has led to the engagement of his successor in the headship of the University Library at Leyden, Dr. S. G. De Vries, to carry on the work. The Codex Bernensis requires 394 pages in photogravure, large quarto. Bound in mediæval style, it will be priced at $48.

No one will grudge Mr. Harold Frederic the handsome uniform dress just given by the Scribners to his five novels, 'In the Sixties,' 'In the Valley,' 'The Lawton Girl,' 'Seth's Brother's Wife,' and 'The Damnation of Theron Ware.' The size, typography, and binding are all in excellent taste, and the volumes will adorn the shelves of any library.

The Harpers continue their uniform edition of Thomas Hardy with 'The Well-Beloved: A Sketch of Temperament,' provided with an etched frontispiece by H. Macbeth-Raeburn and a map of Wessex; and their uniform edition of Mark Twain with his 'American Claimant, and Other Stories and Sketches,' in which our old friend Col. Mulberry Sellers has the floor.

Prof. Edward Orton's 'Account of the Descendants of Thomas Orton, of Windsor, Conn., 1641' (Columbus, O.: The Author), is a conscientious and painstaking work, of no great bulk, that commends itself to every member of the clan. It has been composed and arranged, however, in complete indifference to or ignorance of the approved method of genealogic exposition, and is a shining example of how not to do it. Thomas Orton was one of the founders of Farmington, his descendants of Litchfield, Conn. To avoid Gov. Andros's requirement that all New England wills should be probated in Boston, Thomas disposed of his estate in his lifetime, as one may now cheat the odious inheritance tax. Most widely known of his posterity bearing his name have been the late William Orton, the energetic president of the Western Union Telegraph Company, and the late Prof. James Orton, the scientific explorer of South America.

Dr. Osgood Mason's 'Telepathy and the Subliminal Self' (Henry Holt & Co.) is a popularly written book containing a medley of facts in the varied field represented, of telepathy, double consciousness, clairvoyance, and the manifestations of the mysterious generally, in the midst of which the writer is none too discriminating. He seems to accept the hypothesis of the Subliminal Self, which originated with Myers, but does not make it

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entirely clear that he fully understands it. The cases cited are trustworthy, and the book is good as far as it goes.

Binet's 'Alterations of Personality' (Appletons) is a work of a very different character. It has been out in the French since 1892, and, though late in appearing in English, it should be warmly welcomed. "It contains," in the words of the Introduction by Prof. Baldwin, "an authoritative statement of the best results by one of the investigators who had done much to discover them. It should have a wide reading by educated persons who are not psychologists, but who yet wish to know the sort of experiments the psychologists and medical men are making in this extraordinary department of investigation."

Not the least of the remarkable developments of the activity of the American Library Association appears in its Annotated Lists, *e. g.*, to quote the title of the first now before us, 'Annotated Bibliography of Fine Arts (Painting, Sculpture, Architecture, Arts of Decoration and Illustration),' by Russell Sturgis and Henry Edward Krehbiel (New York: The Library Bureau, 280 Broadway). This thin octavo volume fills but 89 pages, of which the very minute index by Mrs. Mary E. Haines of Brooklyn demands a sixth part. Nevertheless, a thousand works are here classified and briefly estimated for libraries, clubs, and private students and purchasers. Political economy is to be next taken up by other specialists, during the present year, and American history will not be neglected. No one will question the competence of Messrs. Sturgis and Krehbiel (the latter in the domain of music) to edit such a list as this, which, in the nature of the case, is not to be looked upon as all-inclusive. However, we are surprised to find Riemann's 'History of Music,' the most thorough and up-to-date short work on the subject, omitted.

The Annotated Lists take on an humbler size, for the pocket, and the newest of these is 'Books for Boys and Girls,' selected by Miss Hewins, the well-known head of the Hartford Public Library, who has before done good service in this juvenile department. As in the larger list just noticed, publisher and price are stated, but the date and other bibliographical details are omitted. Books for children under eight or ten have a special mark.

'Les Trois Girondines (Mme. Roland, Charlotte de Corday, Mme. Bouquey) et les Girondins,' by M. Armand Ducos, a grandnephew of the Girondists Ducos and Fonfrède, is an historical study (printed two years ago at Bordeaux, but recently put on the market by Chevalier-Maresq of Paris) of sufficient interest to deserve mention in this place. Besides discourses, candidly enthusiastic and eulogistic, on the character, aspirations, and fate of the Girondists and of the three heroic women who were wedded to their cause and shared their fate, the volume contains a number of historical documents, partly hitherto unpublished, and a complete register (*martyrologe*) of all the members of the Convention designated, properly so or by a wider acceptation of the term, as Girondists — sixty-eight in all, of whom thirty-five were executed, while seven died by their own hands and twenty-six escaped with their lives. In an additional list are given the names of seventy-three other *conventionnels* who suffered imprisonment for protesting against the proscription of the Girondists. The story of the heroic self-sacrifice of Mme. Bouquey in concealing the seven refugees at St.-Émilion is fascinating and at times thrilling. There are several illustrations of the historical places and personages.

The twenty-first annual report of the Trustees of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts shows an approach to equilibrium in its budget, but also the pressing needs for space and endowment which such an institution may always be expected to have. Yet some of the bequests are significant; one, of $93,000, being the larger part of the estate of a long-time grammar-school principal in Boston. The Museum received the land that it occupies from the State, which gives it no moneyed support, nor does the city. Attendance at the Museum notably fell off during the year 1896, and it is suggested that bicycling may have been a partial cause of the decline; we observe, in this connection, that the women visitors to the print-room have disproportionately dropped off. Among the acquisitions of the past year we observe two volumes, from W. J. Linton, containing 200 proofs from blocks of his own engraving or of the assistants or successors of Thomas Bewick. The additions to the classical antiquities, especially by purchase, exceed those of any former period. Some of these have been "published" by Helbig and Michaelis.

Of the Annual Report of the Board of Regents of the Smithsonian Institution for the year ending June 30, 1894, recently published, the Report of the National Museum forms a volume of about 1,050 octavo pages, in which part i., the routine report of the assistant secretary, with lists, etc., occupies nearly one-fourth, and the remainder, part ii., is composed of papers describing and illustrating collections in the museum. All the half-dozen articles in the second section of the volume are of importance in archæology and ethnology. That of Prof. O. T. Mason, of 358 pages and nearly 300 illustrations, on "Primitive Travel and Transportation," is the largest and perhaps of widest interest; "The Swastika," by Thomas Wilson, covers 254 pages, and "A Study of Primitive Methods of Drilling," by J. D. McGuire, 133. The drawings for all of the papers are mainly from objects in the Museum collections, which in this manner are placed within the reach of students to whom they would otherwise be inaccessible.

The First Annual Report of the Commissioners of Fisheries, Game, and Forests of the State of New York, for 1895, a handsome quarto of 376 pages, is well calculated to interest those from whom the commission gets its support and encouragement. The volume is filled with authoritative information concerning the preserves, laws regulating them, the habits, distribution, and abundance of the game in the woods or the waters; this, with the style of make-up and illustrations, will insure the volume welcome and preservation in the library. The commission has evidently been getting the best and making the most of it; but, in connection with the stocked and planted species, we should like to see more efforts toward stocking or planting, or otherwise increasing, supplies of their most acceptable foods, since it is upon these that anything approaching a permanent success must depend. An artist's advertisement on the colored plates grates on the eye like inscriptions that disfigure the scenery in the country.

The State Board of Agriculture of North Carolina has published an interesting volume, 'North Carolina and its Resources' (Raleigh), with many plates, to which the traveller as well as the intending immigrant may refer with profit. The book is written with a justifiable feeling of State pride. The contents in brief are: History, geography, and climate; forests, minerals, and economic interests, including an account of the great piedmont water-powers and their new cotton factories, of trucking on the coastal plain, and of fishing in the sounds, followed by government, education, and "resorts," and closing with a description of individual counties. Many of the illustrations from photographs are remarkably well reproduced.

The second volume of the *Annales* of the Meteorological Observatory of Mont Blanc contains papers on a greater variety of subjects than might be inferred from its title. The director, Joseph Vallot, contributes a record of observations made simultaneously at three stations—Mont Blanc, Grands Mulets, and Chamonix—during 1890, '91, and '92, and also, in a separate paper, describes the difficulties of making scientific observations at great altitudes. There are several memoirs on actinometry, and one on the geological constitution of Mont Blanc. Of special interest to engineers is the description of the application of photography to the survey of the Mont Blanc group, and the account of the progress of the map of this region. The volume contains some interesting illustrations, and the views of the "Cuisine de l'Observatoire" and of the cosey "Chambre du Directeur" seem to show that home comforts are not entirely wanting even on the summit of the Alps. A third volume is announced to appear shortly, and a fourth is in preparation.

The Royal Botanic Garden of Calcutta has published volume 6, part 1, and volume 7 of its Annals, containing descriptions of new and rare Indian plants and of the Bamboos of British India. Both volumes are illustrated by numerous excellent lithographic plates.

The Sociedad Geográfica of Madrid has recently established a Section of Commercial Geography which has begun the publication of a *Revista de Geografía Colonial y Mércantil*. This journal will be devoted to Spanish colonial and commercial interests, and will contain a bibliography and book notices. It is intended to issue eight numbers a year. The first two numbers for 1897 contain timely papers on Cuba and on the Philippine Islands.

The Instituto Geológico de México has just issued a large quarto bulletin giving a geological sketch of the republic ('Bosquejo geológico de México') with sections and a colored map. It must take a valued place in scientific literature. It includes several itineraries by members of the Institute, and a synopsis for the whole country by Director Aguilera, with a special account of the eruptive rocks by Ordónez; the latter parts being fuller statements of the 'Datos para la Geología de México' published in 1893. A very brief table of contents, no index, and a uniform page-heading make it difficult to use this volume as fully as it deserves.

Petermann's Mitteilungen for February opens with an account, by Prof. Andrussow, of the Karabugas or Black Gulf on the eastern shore of the Caspian. It is connected with this sea by a narrow strait some three miles long, through which there is a constant inflowing current. The remarkable salinity of its water seems to be occasioned chiefly by the great evaporation; the common theory of a vast underlying deposit of rock salt not being supported by recent observations. The fishes, which at certain seasons of the year come in from the Caspian in great numbers, speedily die, but some algæ have been found; and there seems little reason to doubt that some of the lower forms of animal life exist

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in the gulf. Several charts are given showing the delta-like growth of the connecting channel within the past fifty years. This is followed by a description of the great submarine earthquake last June off the coast of Japan, by which 27,000 people lost their lives.

The *Annales de Géographie* for March contains a statistical paper on Italian emigration, in which it is stated that there are now more than two million Italians in foreign lands. Brazil had, in 1892, a little over, the Argentine Republic a little under, half a million, and France and the United States had each about three hundred thousand. The province of Venice contributes the greatest number, and Rome the least, while the number of permanent emigrants is considerably greater than those who only temporarily leave their homes. The present annual emigration is very nearly equal to the excess of births over deaths. This paper is followed by an account of the geographical results of the Toutée expedition from Dahomey to the middle Niger, and a description of the oases of Touat and their approaches from southern Algeria, apropos of recent military operations in this region. The latter article is accompanied by a map and several illustrations.

The death is announced from Copenhagen of the Danish teacher and novelist Anton Nielsen. Nielsen was born near Fuglebjerg, Zealand, Denmark, May 5, 1827. After teaching in various places he became in 1868 principal of a high school on the island of Fünen, a position which he retained until his retirement some years ago. In addition to his undoubted ability as a writer of peasant stories, Anton Nielsen is of interest as having been the first of the so-called school-teacher writers, a product of the peculiar Danish high-school system. He made his début in 1860 with 'A Mormon Story,' which was followed in quick succession by a number of tales dealing with Zealand peasant life. These books enjoy an immense popularity among the Danish peasantry, for whom they were specially written, and by their close observation and truthful presentation they appeal also to the most cultivated taste. Several years ago Nielsen published a book on this country entitled 'A Summer in America,' which combines the snap and superficiality so frequently found in a tourist's sketch of an unfamiliar land. It is, however, wholly free from the ill nature of many other Scandinavian accounts of us.

—Just as announcement is made that *Bibliographica* draws to an end with another number, the *Zeitschrift für Bücherfreunde* makes its promised appearance (Bielefeld: Velhagen & Klasing; New York: Lemcke & Buechner). The new monthly modestly deprecates any comparison with the "wonderful" elder, but it really fills the line of succession admirably in conception, being as handsome in its way, if not as luxurious, and giving assurance of embodying matter of permanent worth as well as momentary delectation. One always felt that the monographic *Bibliographica* must run out, but we see no reason for anticipating any deficiency in the supply of the *Zeitschrift*. Its pecuniary support is more questionable, if we may trust the introduction, in which the editor ranks Germany behind most other European countries in respect to the passion for fine libraries and the love of books as books. "The most famous bibliophiles of our day," he says, "bear French names," and with the Germans the theatre ticket is more readily purchased than a book. We can but glance at the table of contents of a number which we strongly recommend our readers to examine for themselves. The leading paper, by W. L. Schreiber, is on the Block-book of the Apocalypse, with facsimile illustrations in black and white and in color; the Count zu Leiningen-Westerburg discourses a bit on Ex-Libris, again with pictorial examples, including the present Emperor William's bookplate; The Get-up of Modern Books is the theme of Fedor von Zobeltitz, with more pictures; and we close with mention of Oscar Hecker's account of the fate of Boccaccio's library. This precious collection—classic, Petrarchan, and personal—had largely been accumulated by Boccaccio's laborious copying of manuscripts. His care to prevent its dispersion was frustrated, but Mr. Hecker has had the good fortune, on the heels of other investigators, to find six codices now first identified as Boccaccio's—one (a Statius) pieced out by his own hand, another (an Apuleius) a holograph. The story is romantic, but it defies condensation. Mr. Hecker's success paves the way to further discoveries. He gives facsimiles of the Statius and Apuleius, as well as of the previously known Terence. All are now together in the Laurenzian Library at Florence.

—Mr. T. W. Higginson's "Cheerful Yesterdays" in the *Atlantic* for April, dealing with the "birth of a literature," is of more than usual interest. The literature of which it treats is that of the New England of fifty years since. The article is made more entertaining by appearing in the same number with a very good study of "Bryant's Permanent Contribution to Literature," by Mr. H. D. Sedgwick, jr. The Knickerbocker literature, as contrasted with that in which the most famous names are Emerson, Hawthorne, Whittier, Holmes, Longfellow, and Lowell, was imitative in character; both were animated by the determination to make "our own age and land" "classic to ourselves." The quotation is from a master-of-arts oration of Robert Bartlett of Plymouth, delivered at the Harvard Commencement of 1839. In 1840 the *Dial*, used by Hawthorne according to his own account as a soporific, appeared, and the *Dial* was the herald of a movement in which dulness certainly played no part. The paper carries us back to a condition of society for which no counterpart in any age of the world can probably be found. One of its peculiarities, which we do not recall as a noticed trait of other literary or artistic societies, was its hostility to coarseness of all kinds. Many stories illustrative of the effect of this on foreign visitors have been told, and one or two of them have got into print. Mr. Higginson quotes Fields, who played the part of a New England Murray to the rising authors whose works he published, as saying that he liked Dickens better than Thackeray, "because Thackeray enjoyed telling questionable stories, a thing which Dickens never did." Thackeray was in reality greatly astonished by this quality, which was then an almost unknown thing in any literary coterie. An honest and innocently intellectual world it seems, looking back upon it now, and if the looser manners of the present day have done anything to make the literature of our time better we have not observed it. We take the opportunity of mentioning the fact that Mr. E. L. Godkin's article on the Nominating System is in reality a chapter in a systematic work on Democratic Government, which is now appearing by instalments in the pages of the *Atlantic*.

—*Harper's* opens with an illustrated article by John Bache McMaster on "Washington and the French Craze of '93," accompanied by a high-colored frontispiece of the great banquet given to the illustrious Citizen by his American admirers, at which he was crowned with the liberty cap. The Genet incident, which lasted a long time, and convulsed the country, was a genuine craze, and there is a certain gloomy satisfaction to be got out of recalling the fact that our great-grandfathers could make as great fools of themselves as any of their descendants. If Genet's speeches and letters be examined, they will be found to contain much the same stuff as Bryan's orations of last year were made of—more picturesque, of course, and less vulgar, but based on the same hatred of law and order, and the same wild belief in overturning everything and beginning anew. When a French prize-master held an English prize taken in our waters by a French privateer (the United States being neutral) against the process of our courts, the French consul, a party to the transaction, was dismissed by Washington; on this, Genet wrote to Jefferson that he "declined to admit the validity" of Washington's act, under the Constitution, and added: "I do not recollect what the worm-eaten writings of Grotius, Puffendorff, and Vattel say on the subject. I thank God I have forgotten what these hired jurisprudists have written on the rights of nations, but the fundamental points of your liberty and our own are engraved on my memory, and I demand of you, sir, to ask the President to procure an examination by the Legislature of the sovereign people of Massachusetts." In 1794 he returned to the obscurity from which he had emerged. This was one of our first crazes, and differed perhaps from those of to-day in having been got up and fomented by men of more education than would now allow their names to be connected with such a movement. "From Home to Throne in Belgium," by Clare de Graffenreid, is an illustrated article of some cleverness; Lieut. Richard Mitchell's "Our Trade into South America" is one of the "new navy" articles, which always suggest the question why, if these young gentlemen are always so much interested as they seem to be in trade and commerce or law and railroads, they do not stay on land and go into some peaceful pursuit.

—In *Scribner's*, Mr. Lewis Morris Iddings has another article on the Art of Travel, accompanied by illustrations. This time he deals with the subject of ocean-crossings, a matter as to which Baedeker gives little advice. Mr. Iddings, who is not a sentimentalist, defends the system of fees, and explains a good many points with regard to them that are worth considering. He insists, very justly, that the only comfortable frame of mind towards the servants who minister to the traveller, is the same indifference which they cultivate toward him. This attitude, he thinks, comes naturally only to those who are of an ancestry accustomed to personal service, and he declares that "a kind word does not touch them." According to our experience, that depends a great deal on the servants. There is almost as much difference among them as there is among their superiors. English servants, whom he perhaps has in mind, differ altogether from Germans or Italians. F. B. Sanborn's "Odysseus and Trelawney" (illustrated) is a paper which contains a good many facts about two characters now almost forgotten, and a description of the once famous cave, which served as their headquarters in

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Greece. There seems to be no doubt that, hero or not, Odysseus was not above a crime on occasion, and, *pace* Mr. Sanborn, this does not detract from, but rather tends to heighten, romance.

—The *Century* is a serious magazine, and the current number has a character of almost funereal pomp, owing to its being a Grant number. There is a Grant Tomb frontispiece, and a letter containing Gen. Sherman's opinion of Gen. Grant; then there is a depressing picture of the General "and party" at the Bonanza mines, equipped for the descent; then comes Gen. Horace Porter's Campaigning with Grant; this is followed by another article by Gen. Porter on the Tomb, while we have also a facsimile of Grant's despatch to Halleck, in which "I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer" occurred; an article on Grant and Buckner called "A Blue and Gray Friendship," by John R. Procter, and finally an article, half a page in length, on "A Veto by Grant," by John A. Kasson. This is a very creditable preparation for "Grant Day," but somewhat diminishes the space available for the treatment of other topics. "Thackeray in Weimar," by Walter Vulpius, is the most noticeable literary paper.

—M. Alidor Delzant, having already shown what sympathetic appreciation could achieve in dealing with the papers left by Paul de Saint Victor to his literary executors, has done a similar work in his preparation of two catalogues of books left by Edmond de Goncourt to be sold at auction under the clause in his will cited at length in our last issue. One catalogue covers the collection of tracts and out-of-the-way books concerning the eighteenth century—the tools, M. Delzant calls them, of the Goncourts, who certainly deserve to share with Arsène Houssaye the credit of having "almost invented" the eighteenth century. The second catalogue is remarkable for the number of presentation copies which it contains—special editions, often of one, three, or five copies on large paper, and accompanied by various flattering tributes to the inseparable brothers; and it contains the works of almost every writer who has achieved fame in France since 1870. The citations and hints, so carefully scattered through both of these catalogues by M. Delzant, do more than anything else could to explain the remarkable influence exercised by the brothers upon the recent course of literature in France; and, taken together with M. Delzant's own book, 'Les Goncourts,' published eight years since, these catalogues are invaluable aids in solving many of the riddles of the modern French school of whimsical and esoteric moods in literature and life. Edmond de Goncourt jotted down upon title-pages and fly-leaves in his eighteenth-century books brief characterizations and swift moods that came to him while at work. Of these, M. Delzant has given the most illuminating, and has added here and there touches from 'La Maison d'un Artiste,' serving to complete an impression which has the "actuality" without the lack of significance attaching to an instantaneous photograph.

—Some of Edmond de Goncourt's comments exhibit an almost scientific detachment in the appreciation in detail of manners and tastes of the eighteenth century. In one book he notes that it "contains out-of-the-way information as to aristocratic family and social life." Genard's 'School of Man' (1752) he characterizes as "a sort of eighteenth-century La Bruyère." One of his treasures is an autograph letter of Caffieri the sculptor, "an unpublished document in which the sculptor records the prices paid him for statues and busts." In a pamphlet on curios we find noted that it is "the most instructive account of the taste for curios in the eighteenth century." Another book is declared to be "full of the deepest interest as to the cost of living and of maintaining a Parisian establishment in 1700," and Goncourt jots down his delight in "a catalogue of the most charming bits of preciousness (*jolités*) of the eighteenth century." But there is no lack in Goncourt's light and airy notes of a certain whimsicality which has been inherited and exaggerated by the *Décadents* and the Symbolists, who plainly have taken their cue from the Goncourts without precisely understanding them. There is, perhaps, a touch of irresponsible trifling in Edmond de Goncourt's flashes of joy over bygone auction-sales, fashion-books, small talk about actresses, dancers, picture-dealers, and the like, which indicates that he may have much to answer for. Still, these things in him are redeemed by real lightness of touch, as in his characterization of one book as "Livre fou de la plus grande rareté," or where he jots down in 'Le Maître à danser,' "From this rare book we learn that Louis XIV. of blessed memory could dance *la courante* better than any one else at his court"; or, again, when he says, apropos of six autograph letters of the painter Périé-Candeille, "One of these contains a curious postscriptum concerning Candeille's beard—that historic beard which so amazed his contemporaries." Goncourt piously notes in a pamphlet entitled 'Les Modes' (1797), "This is a very rare booklet, in which my coquettish maternal grandmother is delicately satirized for her eccentric costumes," and he absolutely gloats over possessing one of the only two extant copies of the published inventory of this same Mme. de Courmont's bric-à-brac. Both of the brothers treasured various sumptuously bound plans of the house once occupied in Paris by their grandfather Huon de Goncourt. The catalogues also bear evidence of a special interest taken in the two Paters, Jean Baptiste and Antoine, as well as in Watteau, which serves to remind us of certain points of contact between the brothers Goncourt and the profounder spirit of Walter Pater.

DALTON AND THE ATOMIC THEORY.

John Dalton and the Rise of Modern Chemistry. By Sir Henry E. Roscoe. Macmillan.

A New View of the Origin of Dalton's Atomic Theory. By Henry E. Roscoe and Arthur Harden. Macmillan. 1896.

JOHN DALTON, the author of the modern atomic theory, was born in the little Cumberland village of Eaglesfield in September, 1766, and died in Manchester in 1844. Several accounts of his life have been published, and to one of them, that by Dr. Lonsdale, which appeared in 1874 as one of a series of "Lives of Cumberland Worthies," Prof. Roscoe acknowledges his indebtedness, and, following "where he has led," hopes to "place before a somewhat larger audience than he appealed to, and in a more condensed form, the chief points of interest in John Dalton's life, both as a man and as a chemist." The result is before us in the small volume of some two hundred pages whose title is first of those which stand at the head of this review, and we may say at once that it is a very satisfactory and graphic narrative of the man and his work.

Dalton's parents were Quakers; his father a poor hand-loom weaver, "a 'feckless' kind of man"; his mother being the stronger character, from whom he doubtless "inherited much of his peculiar power." Dalton received his first instruction in the village school from a Quaker schoolmaster, who "was evidently a superior kind of man, and not one of the old sort who hammered the Latin grammar into the boys' heads by a process of birching elsewhere." The boy was fortunate in attracting the attention of this master and in winning the interest of Mr. Elihu Robinson, a Quaker gentleman of means and of unusual scientific and literary ability, who happened to be resident in the remote Cumberland village. The boy was not brilliant or quick, but possessed tenacity of purpose, and already showed the germs of that power of abstract thought which afterwards made him famous. Mr. Robinson assisted him in his studies, and under this tutorage young Dalton was stimulated to such progress that he "began about twelve to teach the village school, and continued it two years"—a school containing pupils of all ages from infants to boys and girls of sixteen or seventeen. After this experience, he spent a year in farm labor, with problems set by Mr. Robinson for his diversion in the long evenings, and then joined his older brother at Kendal as assistant in a school for Friends, of which a cousin of the Daltons was principal. Four years later the brothers succeeded to the management of the school, and in 1793, after twelve years of teaching at Kendal, Dalton went to Manchester to take a position in the new academy or college which had been founded by Manchester Presbyterians in protest against the religious exclusiveness of the English universities—for at that time the doors of both Oxford and Cambridge were closed to Unitarians and Quakers. This position Dalton held for only six years, and then, at the age of thirty-three, he resigned in order to devote himself to scientific research, maintaining himself by giving private lessons in mathematics and natural philosophy at two shillings a lesson. His method of teaching was one that took little time from his own work, "for, having set his pupils to their lessons, and having given them a hint how to proceed, he would leave them pretty much alone, believing in the doctrine, which he had practised throughout his life, that self-education is the only true one." In addition to his tutoring, he did some work as professional or consulting chemist, and frequently gave courses of lectures in Manchester, and, as his fame grew, in London, Edinburgh, and elsewhere. Manchester was his home through the remainder of his life, and he died there at the age of seventy-eight.

An undemonstrative, silent man, "Dalton never took part in any social, much less any political matters; his interests and energies were wholly absorbed by his scientific work. Asked by some one why he did not take part in public affairs, he replied, as he had done on the subject of marriage, 'Oh, I never had time!'" He was not churlish or selfish, but

"was wanting in the larger sympathies engendered by a liberal and academic education. As in his science, so in his social relations, he worked in a narrow groove, and scarcely understood or appreciated action of a wider character. Self-reliant, and firm in his own opinion to the verge of obstinacy, he put little trust in the work of others. He discouraged the proposal of the Council of the Manchester Society to found what has now become one of the most complete libraries of periodical scientific literature in the kingdom, by saying, 'I could carry all the books I ever had on my head.'

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. . . He was not a brilliant exponent of scientific truth; . . . some of his expressions were uncouth and scarcely appropriate to the subject. Thus, for instance, Dalton generally spoke of 'the great elements, oxygen, nitrogen, and hydrogen, which pervade all nature, as *these articles*;' describing their qualities with far less earnestness than a London linen draper would show in commending the very different *articles* which lie on his shelves.'

"But the originality of his ideas and the importance of the facts he had discovered gained him acceptance as lecturer at the Royal Institution, before whose critical audiences, accustomed to the eloquence of Davy and the refinement of Wollaston, he gave two courses, in 1803–4 and 1809–10. On the first occasion he made the acquaintance of Davy, of whom he writes, 'He is a very agreeable and intelligent young man, and we have interesting conversations in an evening. The principal failing in his character is that he does not smoke.'"

Dalton's simplicity and plainness of speech receive a good illustration in an anecdote of his presentation to King William the Fourth. Asked what he thought of the King and what he had said, "Dalton replied that the King asked him, 'Well, Dr. Dalton, how are you getting on in Manchester—all quiet, I suppose?' To which he said, 'Well, I don't know—just middlin', I think.'" Taken to task by his friend for his lack of court manners, Dalton said, "Mebby sae; but what can yan say to sic like fowk?"

In person, Dalton was robust and muscular, and slightly above average height. Dr. Lonsdale says:

"The massive contour of Dalton's head impresses you with the stamp of intellectual power and a capacity for the highest of human efforts. His prominent evebrows shaded the deep-set eyes of quick discernment. . . . In his marked nose, rather massive jaws, and firm, deep chin, you saw the sturdy race of the 'north countrie,' not altogether free from an air of severity at times; these, however, were somewhat toned down by lips less masculine than usual, and a physiognomy that offered blandness as well as firmness and penetration."

Many honors came to Dalton in later life; in 1822 he became a Fellow of the Royal Society, having refused to make the necessary application earlier, though urged to do so by Davy twelve years before; membership in foreign academies was conferred on him, and in 1830 he was elected foreign associate of the French Academy; Oxford gave him the degree of D.C.L. in 1832; and a Civil-Service pension was granted him in 1833—a sum of £150 a year "by the richest nation on earth to the most gifted of persons and the chief scientific leader of his epoch," as Lonsdale says. In Manchester his memory is preserved by a fine statue which stands in the entrance to the Town Hall with one of his great pupil and follower, Joule, and by a scholarship fund of £4,000 which was raised by public subscription in 1853 for the encouragement of scientific research.

Dalton was a philosopher rather than an experimenter. His apparatus, "a collection of old penny ink-bottles, of rough home-made thermometers and barometers, his small balance and weights," etc., was crude even at that time, and, when every allowance is made for the inadequacy of his resources, "it is evident that there must have been some inherent deficiency, either in his mind or his hands, which disqualified him for accuracy in experimentation." It is a striking proof of the keenness of his philosophic vision that he nevertheless usually reached explanations of the phenomena he investigated which have stood the test of time.

His first scientific work was in meteorology, and when he went to Manchester he took with him the manuscript of a volume of 'Meteorological Observations and Essays' which was published in 1793 and, in a second and enlarged edition, forty years later. It was a remarkable production for a young, self-taught country schoolmaster. His interest in meteorology continued unabated throughout his life, and his observations were kept up till the last—the final entry in his note book, the evening before his death, being, "Little rain this day." This interest led him naturally to the study of the physical and chemical properties of gases, which resulted in a number of important papers, and finally in the discovery of the laws which are known by his name, and in the atomic theory.

As is well known, Dalton was almost the first to call scientific attention to the peculiarity of vision which often goes by the name of "Daltonism." The story is that, having purchased a pair of fine silk stockings as a present for his mother, she exclaimed, "Thou hast bought me a pair of grand hose, John, but what made thee fancy such a bright color? Why, I can never show myself at meeting in them, . . . they're as red as a cherry, John." Her disconcerted son, to whose eyes the color was a very proper go-to-meeting one, a dark-bluish drab, thought "the old lady's sight was strangely out of order," until a consultation with the neighbors confirmed his mother's opinion that they were "uncommon scarlety." This incident, which first opened his eyes to his color-blindness, occurred when he was twenty-six. He had of course miscalled colors often before, but his friends had taken it as a jest. He now studied the matter seriously, but came to the erroneous conclusion that "one of the humors of my eye, and of the eyes of my fellows, is a *colored* medium, probably some modification of blue."

An atomic view of the constitution of matter has obtained from the most ancient times of which we have records. Newton believed that matter was composed of "solid, massy, hard, impenetrable, movable particles, . . . so very hard as never to wear or break in pieces, . . . compound bodies being apt to break, not in the midst of solid particles, but where those particles are laid together and only touch at a few points." Dalton's mind "was thoroughly saturated with the Newtonian doctrine of atoms. . . . In his volume on Meteorology" was contained "the first germ of his atomic theory, because he viewed the gases as consisting of independent atoms." While Dalton was not, and indeed never pretended to be, the discoverer of the first atomic theory, he was the author of *the* Atomic Theory, which is a definite and quantitative extension of the older atomic notions in such a way as to give an adequate explanation of the facts of chemical composition and reaction, and which has served as the substantial basis for the marvellous development of chemical science during this century. "For him the atoms, 'hard, impenetrable, movable,' had as actual existence as if he had seen and handled them; . . . he steps on to the conclusion that the sizes of the atoms of different gases must be different, and 'it became an object to determine their relative sizes and weights.'" It is scarcely accurate to say that "he was the first to introduce the idea of quantity into chemistry." That had been done many years before by Lavoisier; but Dalton gave a new and precise meaning to the quantitative relations in his laws of definite and multiple proportions, and his atomic theory.

Dalton's discovery was brought to the general attention of the world, not by the author himself, but by Prof. Thomson of Glasgow, who visited Manchester in 1804 and became an ardent disciple of the new doctrine, which he at once taught in his lecture-room and included in his text-book in 1807. In his 'History of Chemistry,' Thomson gives an account of the origin of the theory, according to which it grew out of the endeavor to explain the laws of definite and multiple proportions which had been previously discovered by experiment; and as no account of the genesis of his ideas is found in any of the writings Dalton published, Thomson's statement has been generally accepted, though made the subject of considerable criticism and discussion. The matter appears to be finally settled by the present volume on the origin of Dalton's atomic theory. In it are published a large number of laboratory and lecture notes, and many letters which, strangely enough, have been overlooked all these years and have only recently been discovered among the Dalton papers in the possession of the Manchester Literary and Philosophical Society. These show that the atomic theory antedates the laws of chemical combination, and that the latter were deductions from it, instead of serving as the suggestive facts from which it came. From these documents it appears that

"the idea of atomic structure arose in Dalton's mind as a purely physical conception, forced upon him by his study of the physical properties of the atmosphere and other gases. Confronted, in the course of this study, with the problem of ascertaining the relative diameters of the particles, of which, he was firmly convinced, all gases were made up, he had recourse to the results of chemical analysis. Assisted by the assumption that combination always takes place in the simplest possible way, he thus arrived at the idea that chemical combination takes place between particles of different weights. . . . The extension of this idea to substances in general necessarily led him to the law of combination in multiple proportions, and the comparison with experiment brilliantly confirmed the truth of his deduction. Once discovered, the principle of atomic union was found to be of universal application."

An Editor's Retrospect. Fifty Years of Newspaper Work. By Charles A. Cooper, Editor of the *Scotsman*. Macmillan Co. 1896.

THERE is a certain amount of padding in this book, but otherwise it is made up of excellent stuff. The padding, indeed, is not the worst of its kind, and, moreover, it is easily separated from what is of real merit, so that it is as little objectionable as possible. The substantial part of the book consists of an extremely interesting and instructive account of the development of the "provincial" newspapers of Great Britain, interspersed with very intelligent comments on political movements and their leaders. We shall plunge *in medias res* with a quotation which throws more light on the state of the provincial press half a century ago than could be got from many pages of elucidation.

"I remember," says Mr. Cooper, "one weekly paper in the provinces that recorded the *Coup d'Etat* in France thus: 'President Louis Napoleon has put down the French Republic. It is reported that he will be proclaimed Emperor. This may be of great importance to France.' Alongside of this announcement was a three-column report of a squabble in a Board of Guardians, and a learned leading article on that squabble."

This, Mr. Cooper assures us, was no exceptional case. Daily papers did not exist out-

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side of London. Weekly papers answered the wants of readers except in a few large towns, where papers were published twice or three times a week. This was partly because of the stamp and paper duties, but principally because the difficulties of travel and communication before the days of railways and telegraphs confined most people's curiosity to local affairs. Since the removal of these obstacles to the diffusion of intelligence, Mr. Cooper declares—and he is evidently a most competent witness—journalism outside of London has made vastly greater strides than journalism in London. In culture, in intelligent discussion of current events, in the collection of news, in all that goes to the making of "good journalism," he assures us that the growth in the provinces has surpassed that in the capital.

In consequence of this growth the newspapers outside of London have come to have more influence in such a matter as a general election than newspapers in London. The public opinion of the London clubs may not reflect the views of the electors-at-large. In 1880, Mr. Cooper tells us, he had a conversation with Mr. John Morley about the general election of that year. The leading London papers had all predicted a triumph for Lord Beaconsfield. Mr. Cooper maintained that Mr. Gladstone would have a large majority. He told Mr. Morley that he had diligently read the provincial papers—those of Manchester, Leeds, Sheffield, Birmingham, Bristol, and others; and their tone, and the reports of proceedings which they gave, had convinced him that the London papers were wrong in their anticipations. The event proved that he was right. No newspaper of standing in the country now takes its news or its opinions at second hand from London papers. The telegraph annihilates distances, and statesmen are quite as anxious to keep in communication with the editors of the leading country papers as with those of the capital.

Concerning the growth of the telegraphic service, Mr. Cooper has much that is interesting to tell; and he well may, for he had much to do with it. A quarter of a century ago the telegraphic news in a paper outside of London rarely exceeded a column in length. It is now a common thing for the *Scotsman* to go to press for weeks together with thirty to forty columns of news that has been telegraphed. The history of this paper is an epitome of the history of modern journalism in Great Britain. It began in 1816 as a weekly, and its price was tenpence a copy, which consisted of eight small pages of three columns each. In 1823 it began to be published twice a week, and in 1831 it was somewhat enlarged. In 1855, when the stamp tax was removed, it became a daily, and it now contains from 64 to 128 columns, the advertisements often occupying 80 columns. In short, the paper is now ten times as large as when it was started, while its price has fallen to one-tenth of the original figure. So late as 1855 its circulation was only 3,400 copies. In 1877 it had increased to 50,000, and it is now much greater.

Such success does not come without merit, and Mr. Cooper takes an honest pride in narrating the steps by which the circulation of the *Scotsman* was extended. They were all legitimate and honorable measures, altogether foreign to the methods of our "new journalism." There were struggles with the incompetency and red tape of the telegraph managers, and with the stupidity and conservatism of the railroad managers. There was a prolonged struggle with the leaders and officers of the House of Commons in order to secure accommodation for reporters of the debates in Parliament. There was room in the gallery for only a certain number of these reporters, and it took twelve years for Mr. Cooper to establish the proposition that the gallery might be enlarged. A personal interview with Mr. Gladstone finally brought the change about.

In his judgments of political movements and statesmen Mr. Cooper displays great sagacity, and we are much inclined to think that he will be found to have anticipated the verdict of history. As a statesman and as an orator he places John Bright first. To know him—and Mr. Cooper knew him intimately—was a liberal education. He has preserved a number of Mr. Bright's observations, made in the freedom of friendly talk, and they justify the claim that no statesman was ever more nearly right in all that he did and proposed than John Bright. It is an old sneer that no speech in Parliament ever changed a vote; but Mr. Cooper describes one of John Bright's speeches urging the Government to try some other means of regulating Irish affairs besides that of repression, and emphatically declares that he has never doubted that from that speech have sprung many, if not most, of the remedial measures for Ireland that have been passed of late years. Yet when the speech began, there were probably not twenty men in a crowded house that did not think Bright was making mischief.

Mr. Cooper admires and appreciates Gladstone; but he evidently agrees with Bright's estimate of him, the chief points of which we shall quote. Bright did not underestimate his power. "He is an honest man," he said; "he believes what he says. The worst of it is that he too readily believes what he wishes to believe." To Mr. Cooper's question whether that was not something like self-deceit, Mr. Bright replied; "No. Mr. Gladstone sees an object which he thinks of vital importance, and he turns in all directions for arguments in support of it. He finds them, and he becomes unconscious of anything outside of them. That is not self-deceit." To the objection that it was a dangerous quality in a statesman to be able to see only that side of a question which he wished to see, Mr. Bright replied that every man who had done anything great in the world had been of that constitution. "You cannot do a great thing," he concluded, "if you have doubts of your own position and reasons."

It is instructive to read Mr. Cooper's remarks on Mr. Gladstone's later political career, but we cannot reproduce them. Like most of what he has written, they are well worthy of attention, and characterized by robust good sense. We have marked many other quotable passages, but our readers will do well to get them at first hand. We shall be surprised if they do not, like us, finish their perusal of Mr. Cooper's "Retrospect" with a very hearty admiration and respect for the genial author, and with a sincere regret that editors of his type are not more common on this side of the Atlantic.

Trooper Peter Halket of Mashonaland. By Olive Schreiner. Boston: Roberts Bros.

THIS latest contribution to the South African controversy is, properly speaking, not a novel, but a humanitarian tract, half narrative and half allegory. By whatever name, it is a remarkable and opportune production, picturing, as it does, simultaneously with Cecil Rhodes's cynical testimony before the Parliamentary Committee, his unscrupulous and heartless rule, in strong corroboration of the tales which Mr. Labouchere's *Truth* and other papers have been making current for a year past.

Miss Schreiner's story, in brief, is this. Peter Halket is a youth who has left England to seek his fortune in South Africa, and has finally drifted into one of the Chartered Company's mounted troops, from whom he strays by accident one night into the wilderness. Having lit a fire for comfort and safety, he sits by it musing alternately on the innocence of his boyhood life with his hard-worked mother, and on their gorgeous old age in a house in Hyde Park, built by the millions he will have made in the shares of a bubble company of his own, such as he sees rising and bursting every day about him. His meditations are interrupted by the mysterious arrival of a Jewish stranger "clad in one loose linen garment, reaching lower than his knees, and which clung close about him"; bareheaded, and with old scars upon his hands and feet. To this stranger, whom he does not at first recognize as Jesus, the trooper confides with most naïf frankness the sordid life he leads, and the base ambitions that rule him. He has shot many negroes, quite as a part of ordinary routine, and has lived with negro women; but the floggings and hangings, which some of his fellows think are "the best fun out," turn his stomach. He is nevertheless hardened to the summary brutality of the stronger to the weaker race—they are mere "niggers," and rebels into the bargain. His ideals are all of riches and power. "If God Almighty came to this country, and hadn't half a million in shares," he tells the vision, "they wouldn't think much of him." "Why, you might as well say, sitting there in your old linen shirt, that you were as great as Rhodes, or Beit, or Barnato, or a King."

When he has completed his gruesome narrative, with a simplicity that carries conviction with it, the spirit tells him of having been present at all the outrages of which he had spoken, and of others of which Peter Halket had not known. He brings before him the cruelty and greed of the whites, contrasted with the heroism of the hunted blacks, and of some, among their persecutors, who dare to stand out against the Chartered Company, with loss of wealth, and social ostracism. The trooper is naturally tender-hearted, and in the end comes entirely under the sway of the spirit. On his return to his troop, he interferes on behalf of a wounded Matabele, whose hiding-place had been discovered, and who had been lashed to a tree with leather thongs, preparatory to shooting him the next day. This interference makes the Captain of the troop—a sort of Legree—furious, and he details Halket himself to act as executioner. Halket balks him by contriving the poor wretch's escape, and is shot dead by the Captain during the confusion attending on it. The book ends with the sinister remark of an Englishman who had been the impotent spectator of this tragedy: "There is no God in Mashonaland."

The conclusion would seem warranted if the black picture of life in the Cape country which Miss Schreiner gives us were unrelieved by any hope of escape from swindling companies, brutal dragoons, cruel taskmasters, and covetous speculators. Certainly it behooves England to look into the reports that come thence of forced labor in the mines, summary executions in the field, maltreatment and spoliation, to which the negro has been subjected by the British settlers; and this book

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will bring such infamies before the British reader, not in the dry, statistical form of an investigating committee's report, but with such realism as to make him stamp his foot and clench his fist with indignation. Nor does the text need the confirmation of the dreadful frontispiece—a photograph of a number of Englishmen hanging three Matabeles. It would be too much to expect of Mr. W. P. Schreiner's sister that she should have patience with Cecil Rhodes; but her abhorrence of him knows no limit. She scourges him through the book—by name and allusively—with scorpion whips. Beit and Barnato come in for contemptuous reference, but Rhodes is damned utterly.

"He's death on niggers, is Rhodes. They say if we had the British Government here and a nigger died while you were thrashing him, there'd be an investigation, and all that sort of thing. But with Cecil it's all right; you can do what you like with the niggers provided you don't get *him* into trouble."

Rhodes wants to have a law passed legalizing flogging, and virtually establishing slavery. "'*I prefer land to niggers*,' he says." He is worth eight millions, and fears neither God nor man. "If you had five or six millions, you could go where you liked and do what you liked. You could go to Sandringham." "'There is not one man or woman in South Africa I cannot buy with my money. When I have the Transvaal I shall buy Almighty God himself, if I care to.'"

The Life of Sir Kenelm Digby. By One of his Descendants. With illustrations. Longmans, Green & Co. 1896.

ALTHOUGH the first Duke of Buckingham was a political foe of the Digby family, Dryden's lines on his son are just fitted to the versatile Sir Kenelm:

> "A man so various that he seemed to be
> Not one, but all mankind's epitome."

Like Zimri, too, Sir Kenelm Digby "was everything by starts and nothing long." He was one of those exceptional beings to whom fortune and nature have opened up the possibility of an eclectic career, and who, without achieving great distinction in any single field, have been known to many classes of their contemporaries by a wide variety of achievement. The seventeenth century presents several specimens of this type, but none of them "swung round the circle" more completely than Sir Kenelm Digby did. He was the hero of Scanderoon, the husband of Venetia Anastasia Stanley, the chancellor of Henrietta Maria, the friend of Cromwell, a founder of the Royal Society, and a dilettante in theological discussion. Starting in life with birth, wealth, physical prowess, and good manners, he made use of all these advantages. His father had been executed for high treason, and Sir Kenelm, while brave in the fighting of duels, took care not to be caught on the wrong side in politics.

The present author, who owns to 500 articles in the *Saturday Review*, knows well enough that he has not produced a final biography of his ancestor, and utters a subdued *peccavi* in the preface. We hasten to assure him that he has been very entertaining, and that if he has "found it necessary to make a few deliberate omissions," he has at least gained one of his ends. Writing, like John Lyly and Lord Macaulay, for women as well as for men, he has produced a volume which they can read with perfect safety. Our strongest adverse criticism is that he has depended too much on the "Private Memoirs." Of course they must be used, but they are so fantastic that one should distinguish more closely than has been done between what in them is *Wahrheit* and what *Dichtung*.

The loves of Sir Kenelm Digby and Venetia Stanley form the *pièce de résistance* of this biographical sketch. They began early and suffered many vicissitudes, among which, besides assaults of time and absence, we are bound to include a certain amount of unfaithfulness on both sides. Our author seems to hold a brief for the lady, and impugns Aubrey's gossip with much vigor. Very likely she was not so loose as she has often been painted, but Sir Kenelm's euphuistic declarations must suffer a large discount before we reach a just appreciation of her virtues. Of one thing, however, there can be no doubt, namely, the intensity of Digby's affection for her, and her right to stand out prominently in these pages. Sir Kenelm's sympathetic powder, conversion to Catholicism, and political intrigues meant much less to him than the tie of mutual sympathy which linked him with Venetia Stanley.

We are inclined to think that Digby owed his success (for, in spite of manifold vagaries, he was successful) to social rather than to intellectual aptitudes. Intellectually he spread himself thin over a large area, and his scientific attainments were by no means exceptional even among men of fashion. Prince Rupert, for instance, had much wider experimental knowledge than Sir Kenelm. Physical bulk, with natural grace and courtly training superadded, were of more service to him in a public character than the lore which he pretended to possess. We may allow him a sincere interest in physics and medicine, but he probably did not rise above the average aristocratic F.R.S. of his time. The lines which Dryden in the "Annus Mirabilis" devotes to the Royal Society are only just ridiculous enough to fit Sir Kenelm's antics in producing a nostrum compounded of "mosse of a ded man's hed" and "oyle of roses." Cromwell's fancy for him depended on wider considerations than a mere interest in natural science. Digby was a man of the world, extremely agreeable and full of diplomatic information. Unless we are much mistaken, he was an agent of the Commonwealth in France. It has hitherto been held that his friendship with the Protector was due chiefly to their common fancy for the Verulamian philosophy. The present anonymous author has been at some pains to consult S. R. Gardiner with reference to their intercourse, and we quote a passage relating to the reply of that distinguished authority:

"Professor Gardiner quoted letters written by Bordeaux, stating that he had been informed by Sir Kenelm Digby that, from a conversation with Cromwell, he understood the Protector's sentiments to be friendly to France, and that the extensive naval preparations which he was then making had not been undertaken with any hostile intentions towards that country. This is very important, as it makes it possible that Sir Kenelm's notorious negotiations and intimacy with Cromwell may have been very much more on behalf of the French Government than of the English Catholics, which would place his conduct in a different light."

Sir Kenelm Digby is altogether a singular personage, and one who is more easily censured than understood. Amidst constant shuffling and coat-turning he kept a certain standard of honor before his eyes, and may have believed himself a *preux chevalier*. With his comings and goings, his loves and his duels, his studies and his intrigues, he is an attractive figure in the events of seventeenth-century England. There were many better men, both among the Cavaliers and the Roundheads, whom the lover of picturesque history could more easily spare. We do not regard this biography to be a complete record when judged from the standpoint of fact, but it shows close familiarity with time and subject, and is often suggestive. We very much doubt whether Sir Kenelm Digby will ever be written of in more lively strain.

A Handbook of Greek Constitutional History. By A. H. J. Greenidge. Macmillan Co. 1896.

THE English reader can certainly no longer complain of lack of aids in the study of Greek political antiquities. Not to speak of the translations and editions of the 'Politics' by Jowett, Hicks and Susemihl, and Newman, or of Sandys's copious commentary on the "Αθηναίων Πολιτεία," he has the recent handbook of Gilbert, the succinct manual of Jevons, and a number of bird's-eye views and special studies like Mr. Warde Fowler's 'City State of the Greeks and Romans,' Dr. Botsford's 'Athénian Constitution,' Mr. Headlam's 'Election by Lot,' and Mr. Whibley's 'Greek Oligarchies.'

In this embarrassment of riches there was still room for the judicious and readable summary now put forth by Mr. Greenidge in his 'Handbook of Greek Constitutional History,' the second volume, if we mistake not, of the Macmillan Handbooks of Archæology and Antiquities. Mr. Greenidge is an enthusiastic admirer of the Greek constitutions as symmetrical works of art, typical products of the ingenious and subtle Greek mind, which he prefers to study not in the "brilliant personalities that strut across the stage and blot out the constitution," but in the gradual, unconscious shaping of institutions by the political genius of the people. He endeavors, without neglecting historical development or the technical description of structure, to illustrate more fully than is usually done in elementary treatises the actual working of constitutional machinery. Two ideas at least, not new of course, but too often lost sight of amid erudite detail, the young student will take away from this book: First, that the democratic constitution of Athens, with its complicated and delicate, yet thoroughly practical, mechanism, and its enormous demands on the intelligence and versatility of the average citizen, was one of the most marvellous instruments of the education of an entire people that the world has ever seen. And, secondly, that while there is perhaps no other example in history of so consistent and logical a working out of the principle of government of the people by the people, that fierce democracy knew very well how to establish checks and balances to distinguish its whim from its will. We are too apt to forget the existence of these checks in contemplation of the occasional excesses of excited assemblies under stress of war or revolution. But normally the legislative power of the people was exercised under conditions that insured the judicial consideration of every measure, and the γραφὴ παρανόμων, or indictment for proposing unconstitutional legislation, may, without exceeding the license of historic parallels, be compared in its practical operation to the similar functions of our own Supreme Court.

Mr. Greenidge wisely omits all controversial reference to modern authorities, and contents himself with brief indications of the

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original sources for all important statements. He wastes very little time over insoluble prehistoric problems, or in refining on the refinements of the Platonic and Aristotelian classifications of forms of government. After a brief introduction, he traces the early development of Greek political life through monarchy, aristocracy, and tyranny to constitutional government. A chapter on colonization, international law, and the great amphictyonies brings the narrative down to the point where the special study of particular constitutions may be profitably begun. Accepting the simple classification of the average Greek citizen—oligarchy, democracy, and mixed government—he then proceeds to summarize the scanty tradition concerning the oligarchies of Corinth, Thebes, and Thessaly, and gives a brief but sufficient description of the mixed constitutions of Sparta and Crete.

The second and more interesting half of the book is devoted to the Constitution of Athens, with supplementary sections on the Athenian empire, the democracies of Argos, Syracuse, and Rhodes, the experiments of the Greeks in federal government, and the continued life and civilizing rôle of the Greek Polis under Hellenistic and Roman rule. If the promise of the title-page could have been extended to include a few additional pages of detail about Attic Law, the chapters on Athens would have contained all that the undergraduate college student needs, or at least is likely to know, of political and legal antiquities. "Science" and formal completeness, of course, require the other chapters, but only specialists are concerned with the Constitution of Sparta or of any of the minor Greek states that have left us no literature replete with political allusion. Mr. Greenidge is apparently sceptical as to the Aristotelian authorship of the 'Politeia.' The Draconian Constitution he considers a late political forgery, in the interest of the revolution of the year 411. He disbelieves totally in the part assigned to Themistocles in the attack on the Areopagus. An appendix argues for the existence and predominant political significance as party leader of a president of the College of Strategi.

Serious errors or omissions are rare. We miss a reference to Plato occasionally, notably in the chapter on international law. The statement, on page 58, that, in Aristotle's view, government in Greece rested on public opinion and must be "accepted by the masses, whose power in the last resort decided the fate of the Constitution," is not borne out by the passages cited in the footnote. Two of them are wholly irrelevant, merely stating that even in an oligarchy the majority (of the members of the oligarchy) rules; while the third declares that, to insure the stability of a government, it is necessary that the part of the city which favors its maintenance be "stronger" than that which desires its overthrow. In this citation (1296 b) πολιτείας is erroneously printed for πόλεως. Mr. Greenidge's accents are not to be trusted. In a hasty perusal we note errors on pages 14, 15, 20, 22, 63, 80, 111, 131, 134, 150, 197, 209, 211. The style is generally sober and lucid. But "upkeep" is a freak, and "metoec" a pedantry.

Tombouctou la Mystérieuse. Par Félix Dubois. Illustré. Paris: E. Flammarion; New York: Brentano's. 1897. Pp. 420, 8vo.

Timbuctoo the Mysterious. By Felix Dubois. Translated from the French by Diana White. Longmans, Green & Co. Illustrated. Pp. 377, 8vo.

THE title of this book does not do full justice to its contents. The account of Timbuctoo is surpassed even in novel interest by the description of the new and greater Egypt and its modern Thebes which M. Dubois found in the western Sudan. The journey to this region, but yesterday so formidable, is now almost commonplace. Landing at Dakar, our author went by rail 170 miles to St. Louis, and from thence ascended the Senegal by steamboat to Kayes, the western terminus of a railway which carried him a third of the remaining distance to the Niger. In six weeks after leaving Paris he had begun his canoe voyage on this stream.

For three hundred miles, to its junction with the Bani, its great tributary, he floated down the river, the left or western bank being uniformly high and often densely wooded. On the right bank were fertile fields largely devoted to the cultivation of cotton. Below the junction the river flows through the eastern edge of a plain some three hundred miles long by from sixty to ninety miles wide, known as the Three Deltas. After the winter rains in the mountains from which the rivers take their rise, this plain is inundated to a depth of eight feet, the receding waters leaving a deposit of fertilizing mud from which are raised abundant crops of rice and millet. On its western side are chains of lakes, natural reservoirs from which the surplus flood-water is carried by innumerable channels or marigots during the dry season into every part of the plain. The southern half is apparently well populated. Villages were crowded together upon the banks, and superb herds of cattle fed in the meadows. But long before Timbuctoo was reached, stretches of many miles were passed without the traveller "seeing a living thing, man or beast"—the result of the raids of the Touaregs.

On the southern threshold of this western Egypt is the city of Jenne, its commercial capital. Seen from a distance the appearance of its mass of walls, crowned with a forest of projections and terraced roofs, rising from the solitary plain, was very striking. Century-old houses lined its streets—an antiquity due, as the inhabitants boast, to the fact that, from the impregnability of its position on a mound entirely surrounded by water, it has never been taken by assault or pillaged. In its peculiar pyramidal architecture M. Dubois detected the influence of Egypt, from whence its builder, an Arab adventurer of Yemen and founder of the Songhoi empire, came in the eighth century.

According to the native chroniclers, from the earliest times Jenne has been a city of merchants. It has now "business firms, in the European sense of the word, provided with a similar machinery and staff of employees. In important centres they have permanent representatives, in Timbuctoo branch houses. They send out travelling agents, who have a percentage of the business they transact, and are no other than our 'drummers.'" The extent of their operations in former days is shown by the fact that the earliest European navigators to the west coast were told that the gold and other products which they bought came from Jenne, and accordingly they called the whole region by its name, Guinea. At the present time the principal business of the inhabitants is to transport by barges the products of the southwestern Sudan to the northern edge of the Three Deltas, where the desert comes close to the river. Here they exchange rice, millet, iron, lead, gold, native fabrics, and slaves for salt from mines in the Sahara and European goods from the Mediterranean cities. For some centuries there seems to have been no special meeting-place for the caravans and barges, but in the twelfth century the peculiar advantages of a little hamlet presided over by an old woman named Tomboutou was recognized by Jenne merchants. Here they established themselves permanently, and gradually built up a city of warehouses, where goods in transit were stored awaiting the arrival of the semi-annual caravans from the north, or of the barges from the south.

In its palmiest days Timbuctoo had a floating population of possibly 50,000, but there are no means of estimating the amount of business transacted. In recent peaceful years, with only 10,000 inhabitants, there arrived annually some sixty thousand camels with freight valued at twelve million dollars. When M. Dubois entered the place, a few months after the French occupation, he found a mass of "deserted and gutted houses, whose roofs had fallen and doors had disappeared; crumbling walls and mounds of shapeless ruins." Occasionally in the midst of the rubbish-heaps were "islands" of comparatively sound houses, and here and there were clusters of straw huts in mat enclosures, the houses of the nomad Foulbé. In the market-place, women were selling spices and vegetables "for infinitely small sums in cowries"—apparently all that the wild desert tribes had spared of the once world-renowned commerce of the city.

M. Dubois found, however, after a few days' residence, during which he succeeded in gaining the confidence of the people, that these ruins sometimes concealed considerable wealth. A merchant's house which he visited was dilapidated externally, but the interior was in good repair and even luxuriously furnished. Its storeroom contained bags of rice, millet, and dates, bars of salt, ostrich-plumes, and ivory, to the value of ten thousand dollars. But the commerce of Timbuctoo has been largely diverted of late years, "through the odious tyranny of the Touaregs," to other places—two are mentioned as almost equalling it already in population and business—and it is doubtful if it will ever regain its former preëminence.

Our author's account of his travels ends with his arrival at the city, no longer "mysterious," and the remainder of his book is devoted to a sketch of its history, its past and present condition, its literature, and its university. This, together with accounts of the Songhois and the Moors in the Sudan, he has derived from the native chronicles, copies of which he has procured, and from the oral traditions of the inhabitants. These were related to him in conversations which form some of the most entertaining and suggestive passages in his work. He also gives the main facts in the story of previous European visitors—Paul Imbert, a French slave carried to Timbuctoo about 1670, Laing, Caillié, and Barth, no mention being made of Lenz. He criticises Barth's account as "une grand déception," due to the fact that, during the whole of his month's stay, being practically a prisoner, he was unable to explore the place, to have any intercourse with the inhabitants, or "even to walk an hour" in the streets. The attractiveness of the volume is greatly increased by a large number of illustrations from photographs, most artistically arranged upon the pages.

The English translation reads smoothly in the main, but is not always literal, some pas-

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sages being omitted, while others are condensed. It is also disfigured by a number of gross errors, which can be ascribed only to carelessness and the lack of revision. To take a number of instances discovered in a merely cursory examination: *Aigrettes* (p. 35) is translated ospreys (p. 28); *mètres* (54), feet (42); *cuivre* (141, 235), hides (122), leather (207); *centaine de kilogrammes* (191), a hundredweight (168); *quatre mille nègres* (71), four million negroes (57); and *inénarrables sauvetages* (233), indescribable barbarities (205)! Occasionally an entirely false statement is made, as in the length of the *decauville* (4), and the amount of the anticipated business of Timbuctoo; the words of M. Dubois, "peut s'élever à une vingtaine de millions" (305), being rendered "will increase her annual commerce *by* twenty millions" (267). In its external appearance the English translation is a faithful copy of the French original. We are glad to note, however, the addition of an excellent index, which is lacking in the latter.

Upon the Tree-tops. By Olive Thorne Miller. Illustrated by J. Carter Beard. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1897. 16mo, pp. xii, 248, figg. 10.

The Story of the Birds. By James Newton Baskett, M.A. D. Appleton & Co. 1897. 16mo, pp. xxx, 263, pll. 20 and many other illust.

Mrs. Miller's sixth volume has a different title from each of the preceding five, but is similar in contents to four of them, and identical with them all in mode of treatment of the topics concerning which she continues to gossip pleasantly. In this continuation of the subject the shrike, hummingbird, Baltimore and orchard orioles, red-winged blackbird, Maryland yellowthroat, towhee, and some species of *Myiadestes* take up 128 pages, the other half of the book being padded with remarks on various other birds, in the author's exuberant style of reiteration. The materials out of which the book is manufactured would, if judiciously manipulated, make a magazine article of average length, with Mr. Beard's pictures, which are good, from a non-ornithological point of view. One of the most admirable things about the book is the regularity with which the burden of its song is alleviated by elegant extracts from approved poetry; and one of its most notable points is the equal regularity with which nestlings are discovered to be "babies." Some chefs are said to be able to make soup out of a boot-leg; but Mrs. Miller can whip up a syllabub so bubblesome that we forget whether a spider-monkey or a hummingbird is at the bottom of it—nor does it make any difference which.

Mr. Baskett's book is not to be easily disposed of in a few words; it is out of the common run of popular ornithology, and decidedly original. He is a lecturer and teacher of considerable experience, though an almost unknown writer. We recall but one previous publication of his, and this lately appeared among the Papers presented to the World's Congress of Ornithology at Chicago in 1893. It was an article on the hints at the genetic relationships of birds which their eggs may possibly afford; it proved nothing, and did not pretend to have done so, but it was extremely suggestive, and must have set every reader to thinking—perhaps to dreaming—of the evolution of birds in geologic time. The present 'Story of the Birds' runs distinctively along the same lines of speculation; and we are mistaken if it does not provoke much thought. We fear it may prove caviare to the general public, and that young readers may find it a little beyond their powers to utilize profitably, notwithstanding the author's attempts to bring it within their grasp by formal analysis, with study hints (pp. xv-xxv), and the most practical chapter of the whole (pp. 213-229). In some subtle way for which we can hardly account, Mr. Baskett's work recalls Mr. D. G. Mitchell's 'Reveries of a Bachelor.' His musings send us off in similar trains of thought, though the subjects of speculation in the two cases are so unlike as to be scarcely comparable. An obvious criticism of this 'Story of the Birds' would be that it is top-heavy with hypothesis, for the most part unverified, and largely unverifiable; which would be accounted a serious fault in a book dealing with natural history facts in any scientific spirit, and especially for any pedagogic purpose. Yet this is no defect, from the author's standpoint: he frankly avows it in his preface, and defends his deliberate intention of presenting ornithology in that way. For example:

"Its aim is simply to present in a rather unusual yet popular way the more striking scientific features of their [birds'] probable development. . . . If the hypotheses advanced here should not always meet the critic's approval, or seem not always to be wholly justified from every point of view, they are still better than no setting whatever. There is more stimulation to thought, more assistance to memory, more arousing of attention, in an imperfect or even incorrect hypothesis than in none at all. In interesting rather than instructing, in guiding the observation of the inexperienced into proper channels, in suggesting slightly to the student what to look for among the birds, and what to do with a fact when found, the author hopes that this little volume may find a mission" (pp. xiii, xiv).

That is an intelligible statement of method and purpose, defending a mode of treatment deliberately chosen; as to the outcome of this missionary enterprise, it will be safer to prophesy after the event. We attest the author's competence for clear statement of facts, and the thorough readability of his whole book, which we should call rather provocative or stimulative than merely suggestive of thought. We also imagine that its real significance is more likely to be grasped by the mature mind of a teacher than by the untrained faculties of the young persons for whom it is ostensibly intended. To attempt to account for every fact presented, on evolutionary principles, is surely no easy task; but children *do* want a reason for everything, and we shall be interested to learn how far Mr. Baskett has succeeded in satisfying their cravings, when the book shall have been put to the test of actual teaching. It ostensibly forms one of Appletons' "Home Reading Series," and as such is introduced editorially by Dr. W. T. Harris, the well-known philosopher, now Commissioner of the United States Bureau of Education. It is handsomely illustrated with full-page plates, mostly from Mr. Chapman's 'Handbook,' besides many figures in the text.

Aglavaine et Sélysette. Par Maurice Maeterlinck. Paris: Société de Mercure de France. 1896.

It is to be feared that the knowledge of Maeterlinck which the average reader possesses goes not much beyond some faint remembrance of M. Octave Mirbeau's absurd outburst of laudation when he at first appeared—an outburst not only stupid in itself, but which has been a fruitful cause of stupidity in others. Maeterlinck has never had really judicious critical treatment. On one side his work was taken much more seriously than he himself meant that these plays for marionettes (as he called them) should be regarded; and the *Jeunes revues*, following Mirbeau, vaunted him as a serious rival of Shakspere. This of itself gave occasion for easy ridicule in the camp of the unbelievers, to which his pronounced mannerisms and the ease with which they could be travestied also contributed somewhat. His English critics, for the most part, followed like a flock of sheep the leading of the *Saturday Review*. Often their notices seemed to indicate that much of their knowledge of the author and of his work was drawn from that source. Others, some few, wrote more adequately, but, like their French brethren, with too heedless an enthusiasm. But M. Maeterlinck happily possesses a healthy nature, sound in mind and limb, both mentally and physically. He has been neither unduly elated nor unduly depressed by his reception, but has gone quietly on his way cultivating his poetic garden—especially, it would seem, devoting himself to rooting out its weeds—until now its product is become worthy, not of attention only, but even of admiration, while the steady patience which has brought about this result is of the highest desert.

He has cured himself of his trick of repetition, which indeed he often used effectively, but to great excess. In his latest poem, too, Maeterlinck is less obviously and crudely a Symbolist than he has been. The symbol is there and is used with effect, as every true poet has used it, but it is not forced on us, as was, for instance, the sound of the gardener's scythe in "L'Intruse." Nor does Maeterlinck any longer abuse his remarkable power of inspiring terror. There is, at most, some chill in the air, some mysterious failing of the light, that forebodes evil, or at least pain. There is nothing like the passage of the birds of night in "Les Aveugles," the storm and omens in "La Princesse Maleine," the prison horror of "Tintagiles." Now the cloud is scarcely so large as a man's hand. 'Aglavaine et Sélysette' is of an ethereal beauty. It is as remote and as little human as the loves of the angels. Under a pale sky, in a light that never was, figures scarce defined move against a neutral background. No dream was ever vaguer or tenderer. No touch of human imperfection is allowed to appear in it unless it be the almost divine falsehood of Sélysette, which only heightens the poetic effect and deepens the poetic emotion. If the poem be a drama at all, it is because the poet keeps this touch for the last, and his play drifts up to this climax, its music ending in a dying fall. The book is compact of mysticism. It is such stuff as dreams are made of, and will touch to responsive vibration mystic and poetic minds.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Abbott, Dr. C. C. When the Century Was New: A Novel. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.

Ballou, H. S. Hosea Ballou, 2d, D.D.: His Origin, Life, and Letters. Boston: E. P. Guild & Co.

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Kellogg, D. O. A Young Scholar's Letters: Being a Memoir of Byron Caldwell Smith. Putnams. $1.75.

Kipling, Rudyard. In Black and White. [Outward Bound Edition.] Scribners.

Le Gallienne, Richard. Walton's Compleat Angler. John Lane. $6.

Leys, J. K. The Lawyer's Secret. F. Warne & Co. $1.25.

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